The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WARNING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Do not trust his smiling lips,
  Do not trust his sunny eye;
  From their fatal influence fly,
As fly rich-freighted ships
That have drifted so in shore
They can hear the breakers roar
  Over sunken rocks, that lie
In some bright isle of the South,
Round the harbor's mouth.

Well I know that ruin lies
Deep within those tender eyes,
  And that desolation there
  Makes its lair.
Lips that moan and eyes that weep
Are the visions of his sleep,
And this sunny mask o'er all
Is the kingly broidered pall
  Of Despair.

Could you see the secrets hid
Under that white coffin-lid
  Of his face;
Hope and Honor lying dead,
Mercy, with torn pinions, fled
  From her place;
Then I should not idly warn:
  Now, I know my words are vain,
With his face of merry scorn,
With his voice of gentle stress,
And his tone's false tenderness,
  Winning you again.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

"OH, HIDE ME—DON'T LET HIM TAKE ME."

After that Catherine Dawson waited anxiously. To fan Dora and give her an occasional drink were all the duties that divided her thoughts. How long the lingering moments of the summer day appeared! As the sun went westward a soft southerly breeze was wafted over from the river. The shouts of the boys in the streets died away, and a tender stillness brooded in the air.

There was a rude knock at the kitchen door. Dora's eyes opened in wild affright.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in terror, "he has come for me, he said he would! Hide me! Don't let him take me!"

"Hush, dear, it is no one to harm you. Let me go for a moment;" and Catherine unclasped the clinging hands, but not before the summons had been repeated.

It was Jemmy, as she supposed, his white teeth showing nearly from ear to ear in his endeavor to smile.

"Well, Jem! You found the place?"

"Yes, and the man hisself. He was just going home, he said, to Wood—something—I've forgotten."

"Woodlea?"

"Yes. He's a good 'un. He said 'thank'ee,' my lad,' as if I'd been a gen'l'man. And he gev me—a quarter!"

Jem brought this out slowly, as if almost afraid that he might lose the one in perspective.

"Did he read the note?"

"No—he scrunched it up and put it in his pocket. I guess he was in a hurry."

"Thank you for all the trouble, Jem. Here's your money, and ask your mother to run over by-and-by. I want to see her."

The boy tugged at his hat, his usual effort at politeness. Catherine sighed. It seemed as if she had expected something more, and felt disappointed.

She turned and was confronted by Dora, whose lips were pallid with terror. The poor thing swayed uncertainly and would have fallen, but for Catherine's timely assistance, who bore her back to her couch.

Yet she did not entirely relinquish hope. Mr. Tremaine would read the note at the first opportunity, certainly before he left the city. In an hour at the latest, she might expect him. How she wished for some little break. Mark coming home to his supper with a slow, quiet greeting, but that would not be to-night. Like others who had achieved a reputation, Mark was in considerable demand. He was an excellent gardener, and as, not infrequently happened at this season, his services in laying out grounds were in request at quite a distance from home. Catherine rarely minded a little loneliness, but at this juncture she would have given much for his return.

The hour passed at length. The sun had gone down now, and a soft pearliness began to blend with the light. Dora was still in a high fever, but she lay quiet. Catherine looked up and down the street. No figure that she could recognise, and all about a solemn stillness—uncanny, it seemed, and she too shivered.

Mrs. Connor's neighborly call was most welcome. A hearty, rosy woman, with a wholesome Irish flavor that showed more in manner than in accent, and still young for all her half-dozen children.

"You look troubled, I'm sure, Mrs. Dawson," was the kindly greeting. "Can I do anything now that your good man's away?"

"Yes, I'm anxious. I've a poor sick thing in the other room, and what to do I don't know! If Mark were only home!"

"Sick, indeed! That's bad. A visitor, like?"

"It's the Miss Dora you've heard me speak of, Mrs. Tremaine now. Mark and I lived with her uncle till he died, though she had married a little while before. She came this noon—she must have been walking too far or too fast, I think, for she fainted dead away in my arms. Then she had a chill, and there's a high fever still upon her!"

"Where's her husband? Why don't you send for him?"

"I did, but if he had been able to come he would have been here before now."

"Able!" There was a good deal of surprise in Mrs. Connor's voice, and Catherine's brown face flushed.

"Something very unusual keeps him away;"—she knew that this was the truth. But an explanation was necessary and Catherine's faculty of invention was not a fertile one.

"If you'll step in and see her—I don't know what to do about a doctor. I've put draughts on her feet and on her wrists. I seem so lost without Mark."

She led the way and Mrs. Connor followed. Dora had not changed perceptibly. Her face was still in a burning flush, her pulse high and hard.

"You don't mean to stay alone, surely?"

"But you don't think her in any danger? Maybe Jem had better run for a doctor."

"Sure," replied Mrs. Connor after some deliberation. "And I'll come over. It's lonesome for a body to be without a hand to help. I'll run back and start Jem, and settle the childers, and then I'll stop the night through."

"Thank you, I'm sure," Catherine Dawson said, for somehow in the coming night and darkness she began to lose her usual fearlessness.

Mrs. Connor came back a step. "We always have Doctor Mackey," she said. "If there's any one else—"

"I like him. We've never had any doctor, Mark and I."

The doctor came and went. He thought it appeared like a settled fever, but he could tell better in the morning. Drops were to be administered every hour, and cooling drinks given. And at ten o'clock the cottage was quiet, with both watchers comfortably arranged for the night, and then Catherine Dawson gave up her last hope of Mr. Tremaine.

"It must have been a desperate quarrel," she thought.

CHAPTER IX.

WAITING.

For forty-eight hours Dora Tremaine lingered on the brink of a severe and dangerous fever. Though young, Dr. Mackey was already skillful in his profession, and something in this woman's face, although he knew nothing of her history, appealed to him strongly. All this time Catherine Dawson was alone with her, save for the occasional visits of the warm-hearted Mrs. Connor, who asked no uncomfortable questions.

Dora was quiet most of the time, though lapsing now and then into momentary wanderings. In the few moments of consciousness she seemed in deadly terror of some person, whether her husband or another Catherine could not tell.

Another incident had startled the grave, steady going woman not a little. The morning after Dora's unceremonious arrival a gentleman had called who insisted upon seeing her, and nothing short of representing Dora in a most critical position could induce him to forego his wishes. He had called again later in the day, indeed, fairly haunted the house, filling Catherine with strange apprehensions. A daring, handsome fellow, but she instinctively shrank from him. There seemed something so cruel in the half-mocking face, and a vengeful, determined look in the deep eyes. Catherine shivered as she thought of Dora becoming entangled with this man. She had heard of women imprudently placing themselves in the power of an unscrupulous man, and suffering the keenest tortures without being able to snap the bond, yet sinless in their own course.

Catherine Dawson had some rigid, old-fashioned notions, but if she had not loved Dora so well, she possessed an unswerving sense of justice. She would not blame her even in thought until she knew all the circumstances, and she waited with the utmost patience. The child had been very dear to her during the years they had spent together. But she was troubled with a little misgiving as to whether she had done quite right in sending for Mr. Tremaine. However, neither good nor harm had come of it.

Dora opened her eyes languidly on Thursday morning. The surroundings were so strange that she would not have recollected at all if she had not recognized Catherine's slow moving figure. She took up consciousness at the exact time and place where it had failed her—her fainting away in Catherine's arms. And with that some detached drifts of the day's doings floated dimly through her brain as with a shudder she remembered Jasper Cameron.

"Catherine," she said feebly, turning her head with an effort.

"My child, my precious bairn! Thank the Lord that you are better," and Mrs. Dawson leaned over the pillow.

"I fainted, didn't I? Why, I feel as weak as a child, but I must get up. It isn't night yet. I'm glad of that, for I must do something. If I could only think—Catherine—"

The weary eyelids fluttered down, and for a moment consciousness was almost lost again.

"Hush, child. You've been very sick since then."

"Since when? What day is it, Catherine?"

"Thursday. It was on Tuesday that you came."

"Thursday? Has any one been here to ask after me?" and a convulsive movement shook her frame.

There was a low knock at the door. Catherine took the precaution of shutting close the invalid's room, but it was not needed. The visitor was Dr. Mackey.

There was something inspiriting in his fresh, cheerful face and the clear ring in the well modulated voice. Dora glanced around.

"Your patient is better this morning, doctor," Catherine announced.

"Ah—yes; a very decided improvement, but it has been a hard fight, Mrs. Tremaine, and there's a good deal yet to do. The warm weather is very prostrating."

He examined her pulse and her tongue, and looked closely into her eyes. A delicate flush mounted to her brow, rendering her positively lovely.

He held a little consultation with Mrs. Dawson, and in answer to her question, said—

"Yes, she has passed through the worst. With quiet and good nursing she may be about in a week, but the least over exertion may bring on a relapse. There are still some lingering typhoid symptoms."

Dora listened in dim amaze. A week's quiet. Why it might make or mar her whole life! And then a sickening sensation swept over her. Was she not helpless against fate? Two lost days already!

"Can I not sit up or drive out?" she asked of the doctor, but her voice faltered weakly.

"You may try sitting up awhile, but I think you will not care to drive," and he gave her a sweet, yet pitying smile.

"Or see a—friend?"

The words came out slowly as if they almost choked her, and as she shut her eyes, the gathering tears of weakness and suffering brimmed over.

"I should not advise you to see any one whose presence would excite you, or to talk much. You have just passed through a very severe crisis and escaped a great danger. By a little carefulness you may soon recover your usual health, but you are in an extremely nervous and susceptible state. I should say you had just endured some great mental strain, and at present you must avoid a repetition of it if you care to recover."

Dora colored deeply, and for a moment her trembling lips refused to utter a sound. Then after a long pause she said in a very low tone—

"If life depended on it?"—

"I should not allow it under any other circumstances, if I were the judge. I think you must understand how necessary the utmost quiet and composure is, and that it will conduce materially to your recovery."

Dora turned her face away. Doctor Mackey talked awhile with Mrs. Dawson in so low a tone that she could not hear, and then came to wish her a pleasant good-morning.

"I will look in again towards night," were his parting words.

Catherine lingered a few moments beside Dora, who did not now seem to be disposed for conversation, so she went about her household tasks, the door between the two rooms being open. Once, when Dora had fallen into a doze, she was summoned to the hall door again, but the invalid scarcely noticed the length of the detention, and Catherine checked the visitor's voice so that no untoward sound might reach her ear.

It was nearly noon before she asked to sit up. The day had grown intensely warm, but through the partially closed blinds crept a wandering breeze, the sun being excluded by the luxuriant climbing roses that gave the house so different a look from its neighbors.

"Catherine," she said, "I don't seem to remember anything after I came here. Have I been delirious?"

"Not much. You had a chill right away, and a high fever, but a good deal of the time you lay in a kind of stupor."

"Did I talk about—anybody?"

"Mr. Tremaine a little, but it was so incoherent. If you had any secrets on your mind you didn't betray 'em," she returned with a grim smile, meant for comfort.

"And has—anybody been here?" she asked with an effort.

What should she tell her?

"Did you want to see any one?" she inquired evasively.

"No. Oh Heavens! Catherine, if you knew all that I suffered on that day! Why I wonder that it didn't kill me outright. Perhaps if it had, it would have been as well;" and Dora, burying her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly.

"Hush, dear, you will be worse again;" and Catherine took her in her arms as if she had been a child.

"Let me cry a little. I never made a moan that day! I was like one stricken dumb. It seemed so awful for the sea to give up its dead, but I knew him at a glance. The face that used to look so handsome to me; but oh how cold and cruel and relentless now!"

"My bairn, remember what the doctor said," the woman murmured soothingly.

"Oh, Catherine, it may not make any difference whether I live or die. If I can't be Ralph Tremaine's wife, I would a hundred times rather be shut away from every one, in the cold, dark grave. You don't know anything?" and she looked at her in wide-eyed terror. "You haven't even guessed?"

"Catherine Dawson is not one to pry into the secrets of other people," she replied proudly.

"But I might have told! Why, it only seemed an hour ago that I stood in the doorway, so glad to see your face, and fell into your arms. And I've been sick two days and nights almost, not remembering a single event. Are you all alone, Catherine? Where is Mark? And are you sure that no one has inquired for me? A tall, dark gentleman, with a hard mocking face that some women might call handsome. I thought so once!"

Catherine Dawson knew that the truth was best, but she was not given to subterfuge in any event. I question if she could have carried it on successfully.

"There has been a strange man here several times a day, who seemed very anxious about you. He called an hour ago and insisted upon seeing you, but I managed to send him away."

Dora uttered a low cry.

"Oh, my child, my child! you don't mean that you have any interest in this man—you a lawful, wedded wife? My bairn, it would break my heart!" And Catherine's eyes filled with tears.

"Wedded, but not lawful, Catherine. It's such a horrible thing to happen to a woman, but I am *not* Mr. Tremaine's legal wife. That cruel, relentless man is my true husband. Oh, what can he do with me?"

"Child, you wander. The fever has affected your brain. When could you have married you man? Why, I've known you from a child!"

The woman shook her head incredulously.

"It was before that—before mamma died or uncle Gilbert took me—in my unthinking childhood. Oh! I must have been wild, indeed!"

Catherine Dawson raised herself up to her full height, and was for a moment overwhelmed with astonishment.

"You?" she said in a wandering manner. "You—and then to marry another man! Did you keep it a secret?"

"Oh, Catherine, be tender with me, or I shall die. It's so hard to suffer on all sides. And though it was wrong, it doesn't seem all my fault. I had word that he, Jasper Cameron, was dead, and I waited more years than widows usually do. And I meant that Mr. Tremaine should know before I married him. Pity me a little. It has been an unwitting sin, heaven will bear me witness."

Catherine took her in her arms again, for now Dora was trembling and shaking as if in a chill.

"Hush, bairn," she said, "whatever comes, God knows that I shall love you the same. If I was cold for a moment I couldn't believe any wrong of you, and now be quiet a bit. We'll talk of it by-and-by."

She soothed Dora into a comparatively tranquil state, growing more amazed herself with every passing thought. *Could* Dora's story be true? She had gone to Gilbert Verner's when Dora was barely passed sixteen, and certainly since then there had been no opportunity for this wild romance. Was it not rather some wandering chimera of the brain? But then her strange visitor, and most potent reason of all, Ralph Tremaine's absence.

"Catherine," Dora began again, "I must talk even if it kills me! Will he,—will Jasper Cameron come again to-day?"

"He said he would—but you need not see him. I will send him away."

"No, I think it is best. Perhaps he may relent a little, though his face is pitiless; don't you think so? Does he talk as if—as if he cared for me?"

Catherine remembered that the man had been very solicitous. Indeed, it had angered her to see another person evince so much regard for Mrs. Tremaine—for with it had come a dim suspicion of unlawfulness.

"It's an evil love," she said, doggedly.

"Oh, Catherine! he thinks he has the right. And though I hate him and fear him, and shrink from the glance of his eye, the law is on his side!"

"But you'll never live with him, bairn; you'll never, never go back to him?" she cried in anguish. "I think that would be the deadliest sin of all!"

"No, Catherine, true and dearest friend, for I seem all alone in this terrible emergency—there is no law and no power that can deliver me into that man's hands. If there was, then welcome indeed the grave. But while the law makes him my husband, I have no right to Mr. Tremaine."

"But something can be done!"

"I don't know."

She leaned back wearily, her face scarcely whiter than the pillow.

"Then this was why—" and Catherine paused abruptly. "You're quite sure Mr. Tremaine doesn't know?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not *quite*. But it would be cruel and cowardly in Jasper Cameron to strike in the dark like that! Has he said anything—?"

"No." And yet, Catherine's face was gloomily clouded.

"But you *do* know something!" Dora exclaimed, with quick apprehension.

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"No." And then the woman's strict integrity came back to her. "My bairn," she said, in a sad, reluctant tone, "I sent for Mr. Tremaine that evening. You were so ill and wandering, and I was alone. It seemed to me even if some great coldness had happened between you, that he was your husband, and had a right to know."

"And he didn't come! Oh, Catherine, then I am utterly adrift! He knew all—that I had deceived him and was not his wife, and refused to come! God help me in this strait!" and with a low, wailing cry full of bitterness and despair, she was again insensible in Catherine's arms.

"Oh, my bairn! I have killed her!" was the woman's remorseful exclamation, and she covered the waxen face with kisses, into which went the undying tenderness of a mother's love.

CHAPTER X.

DORA'S CONFESSION.

It was some time before Dora recovered consciousness, and then she lay quite still, obedient to the slightest sign. Catherine gave her the medicine, sat by her and fanned her, or wiped the moisture from the snowy brow. Now and then the eyes opened upon her with a look of gratitude, and the hours of the summer afternoon passed by almost unheeded.

In spite of all, Dora felt within her returning life and strength. She could not drop quietly out of the world—but must take up her burthen and do desperate battle. Thinking over the past, as her brain grew clearer, she saw the impossibility of being anything to Ralph Tremaine. He had some rather rigid notions on the subject of divorce. She remembered hearing him and his friend Cleaveland discuss the matter one evening, and the general laxity of morals concerning it, and he was warm almost to bitterness. And then Jasper Cameron had as solemnly declared that she should never be free. No, there was not one cheerful avenue of escape open to her—it was a path over flames at every step, so she must gird herself with courage, and be strong in her own might.

If Ralph Tremaine had but known the past, and held her guiltless of deception, it would have proved some comfort in her dark hour. She was amazed now that she could have lived with him even thus long, and kept it a secret. But what had been a simple enough matter of hesitation to her, would look like wilful deceit to him.

"Catherine," she said, at length, laying her soft, slender hand into the toil-worn one of the other, "I am rested now, and I want to talk a little. I will not get excited or injure myself, and it seems best that you should know my story. I want one true and tender friend—so you must not turn away."

"I'll not desert you even if all others do—and while I have a home or can raise a finger, you'll not want for anything."

"You are so good," and some grateful tears came to Dora's eyes.

"And you've neither mother nor sister. Oh, bairn, my heart greets sair for you."

Now and then in moments of emotion, some idiom of the far distant land of childhood escaped her.

"No. And sometimes Catherine, I think my mother hardly loved me as other girls are loved. She was a strict, stern woman, resembling Uncle Gilbert a good deal, without his moods of geniality. When I was about ten years of age she became a devoted religious enthusiast, one of the gloomy kind who hold it a sin to laugh, or partake of any worldly enjoyment. She sent me to a religious school and took me to meetings with her, but my heart rebelled continually.

"We had a neighbor, Mrs. Cameron by name, with whom my mother associated somewhat, as they both went to the same church. I think my mother was honest as well as earnest—but child as I was, there appeared something deceitful and underhand about the woman. She was a great exhorter, and held in high repute by the little circle in which she moved, and mother never seemed to object to her society. Indeed, it was about the only indulgence which I was allowed.

"I was past fourteen, when a nephew of Mrs. Cameron's came to make her a visit. My mother still considered me a child—in truth, I was nothing else. A crude, immature, undeveloped girl, ready for any impression. At this time my mother's health had begun to fail seriously, and I was left more to myself than ever before. To me Jasper Cameron was like a demi-god. Young, handsome, with a smooth tongue, and daring, impetuous temperament, he captivated my girlish fancy at once. I did not think or reason; I only loved, if so blind an infatuation deserves the name. He was going away again, and persuaded me into a secret marriage—but I confess I took this step with great fear and trembling.

"I think now, that he must have had some other object in view. I can hardly believe that he loved me even then; for remembering all the incidents, his passion does not appear at all like what one might expect of such a nature. I had gone to a meeting with Mrs. Cameron, but Jasper and I came out before its close, and went to the house of a distant clergyman, where the ceremony was performed. Then he took me home to my mother, which, indeed, had been my own stipulation.

"I went to school the next morning, as usual. I nearly always met Jasper; but this morning we missed. I was horribly nervous and ill at ease all day; and the coming separation with Jasper, filled me with fearful forebodings. I thought then that if any accident happened to him, it would break my heart. Poor foolish child! I wonder at myself now.

"When I returned home, I found my mother looking fearfully ill, and in a high state of excitement. Jasper had been in, it seemed, and disclosed our marriage. She was so very, so unreasonably angry! I can give you no idea of her passion; I never saw anything like it, and it cowered me at once. I had always stood in great fear of her, and now I yielded to her sway, told her my part of the story, and took her denunciations in silence. She told me that the marriage was *not* legal—that she would prove it in any court-room; and made me promise not to see Jasper except in her presence, to let him go away as he had proposed. I don't remember half the arguments she used, but she did move me powerfully, and I yielded without consenting in my heart. I held a stubborn faith in Jasper, and knowing that I was his wife, I waited for some auspicious event. I think now that I really believed he would take me away in spite of everything, and this blind hope enabled me to keep passive.

"She wrote immediately to my Uncle Gilbert, whom she had not seen for many years, and received a brief reply—that he was just then engaged in some important business, but that in about ten days he would come. In the meanwhile Jasper Cameron went away. We had one brief interview, in which I thought him strangely cold. He upbraided me for my want of faith, my lack of courage and love, and left me in a most miserable frame of mind. I was nearly wild with despair. I begged him to write, to promise to return soon. How well I remember the mocking, half-cynical smile with which he said—

"'Perhaps in two or three years—perhaps never again. You have proved yourself so brave and devoted that you can bear my absence with the utmost equanimity.'

"My mother failed rapidly. I had been so engrossed with my own griefs that I hardly noted the change in her until I found her barely able to totter to the sofa one morning. Three days must yet elapse before Uncle Gilbert could come. She wrote again urging him not to delay. All this time I was alone with her, for she would not have Mrs. Cameron admitted to her presence, and we had no other neighbors upon whom we felt *free* to call, for she had lived in such an isolated, unsocial fashion. Her minister was in to see her several times, but her disappointment in Mrs. Cameron seemed to embitter her against every one. The day before she expected Uncle Gilbert she wrote at intervals as her strength would permit. Just at night she bade me bring her a candle and some sealing-wax, and then sent me from the room.

"I waited a long while, growing more terrified as the darkness set in. Presently I ventured to open the door. 'Mother!' I said.

"There was no answer. I saw that the candle was burning down one side, and that a mass of charred wick had gathered at the top.

"'Mother!' I exclaimed again in affright—'mother!'

"There was still no answer. I ventured to push the door wider open. By the dim light I saw a ghastly vision. She had fallen back on the pillow, and her dull eyes gave a glassy, terrible stare; her under jaw had fallen, disclosing the two rows of white teeth, and one thin hand grasped something, the bony fingers all sharp and rigid. I shrieked with wildest fear—and obeying my first impulse, ran in for Mrs. Cameron.

"She came immediately. I did not dare follow her into the room—so I crouched over the kitchen fire, shivering with an awful dread. How long she was in the room I never remembered; when she came out, she said solemnly and yet with a peculiar tenderness—

"'My poor child, your mother is indeed dead.'

"This announcement did not surprise me at all, scarcely moved me in fact, I was so terror stricken. Mrs. Cameron sent me to summon another neighbor, and the two performed the last offices for her, remaining all night, and endeavoring to console me. Still, I was plunged into a stupor rather than grief. I had never cherished that tender love for my mother that I should have, had she been a different kind of woman. Don't think me unnatural, Catherine, but she had never been tender and sweet to me as most mothers are.

"Well, the next day Uncle Gilbert arrived. He appeared very much shocked indeed, and regretted that he had not been sent for sooner, or at least apprised of her danger. He questioned me minutely concerning her last days, and wondered that there had been no message left. I told of her writing, and he asked Mrs. Cameron if she had found any papers about her.

"'A few scraps on which she had written hymns and some religious experiences,' was the answer. 'I did not suppose they were of much importance, and so must have mislaid them in the confusion. I will look for them, sir.'

"Uncle Gilbert gave a shrug of the shoulders. 'Never mind,' he said. 'She was a sort of religious enthusiast, and her soul has gone safe to heaven, I hope.'

"Mrs. Cameron proposed to me that I should persuade my uncle to allow me to remain with her. She felt herself indeed a relative, and no one could care for me as tenderly. She thought now that Jasper would return just as soon as she could get word to him. She should send a letter to him immediately, apprising him of the sad event and my loneliness, and she felt sure that he would fly to me at once.

"I had a woman's pride then. Jasper's treatment of me in our last interview still rankled in my heart, so' said bitterly—'If he does return and wants me, he can seek me at my uncle's. I shall be there awaiting him.'

"She looked alarmed. 'You are his wife,' she said. 'You cannot undo that; it is all sound and legal. I shall make it my duty to watch over Jasper's interests.'

"'I have decided to go with my uncle,' I returned stiffly. Somehow in that moment the bond grew hateful to me. I would have given half my life to come, to be perfectly free.

"After much tender persuasion I promised to keep my secret and to write to her, she in the meanwhile to inform me if she heard aught from Jasper. I supposed of course that he would write to me his wife. My doubts had not become disloyalty. But I was glad and thankful that destiny had not cast my lot with Mrs. Cameron, for I began to entertain a strange mistrust of her. Uncle Gilbert's abrupt and rugged frankness was better.

"So I went home with him. That I was silent almost to moroseness did not seem at all to trouble him; indeed we soon became quite good friends. And as my usual spirits returned, my heart softened even towards Jasper.

"I had been with Uncle Gilbert three months, perhaps, and passed my fifteenth birthday, when one morning as I glanced carelessly over the columns of a newspaper, I saw the particulars of a wreck—the 'Evening Star,' outward bound on her way to China. My eye followed down the list of ill fated passengers, and stopped at one—there it was—'Jasper Cameron.' With a cry of dismay I sprang toward my uncle and fainted in his arms, the first time in my life that I had ever been so overcome. He was greatly surprised, as you may imagine, and in my terror and grief I confessed my marriage, as well as all the facts connected therewith. He was very indignant, but less so with me than Jasper Cameron and his aunt, and questioned me closely upon every particular.

"'I didn't like the looks of the woman when I saw her,' he said, 'and you were a poor, weak, foolish child, but it might have been worse. I'm glad the scamp is dead—he has met with his just deserts. As for you, I shall adopt you legally and have your name changed, so that you will be in very deed and truth Miss Verner. We'll have nothing to remind us of this hateful episode; and if you care for my regard, you will never mention that man's name, or refer to any of his tribe. Oh, I don't wonder that your poor mother was angry! She had suffered from an imprudent marriage herself. Well, let it all be forgotten.'

"He kissed me soothingly, though he was not given to much tenderness or caressing, as you well know. But I shall always love him for the affection he evinced then. And so the matter was settled, passing out of my mind by-and-by like a dream, though there is one incident that I must mention. Mrs. Cameron came while I was away at school, and had a rather stormy interview with my uncle. He told her pretty plainly what he thought of her share of the transaction.

"'If you knew all, you would regret your treatment of me,' she said. 'I could have put your niece in the way of a handsome fortune. Now she can find it out as she best may!'

"Uncle Gilbert laughed at this, and she, more angry than ever, left the house.

"You know how our lives glided on after you came, my uncle gradually failing in health, and I growing to womanhood. We did love each other sincerely. And Mr. Tremaine's visits were never any secret to you. I had learned to like and esteem him truly, as Uncle Gilbert's friend, but his proposal took me quite by surprise. It may be a weak confession, Catherine, yet beside my regard for him there was such a pressure upon me that I could hardly resist. If I had disliked him, I dare say it would have roused me into active opposition; but as it was, there were many points to consider. My uncle threatened to disinherit me if I refused; and to be turned adrift upon the world, penniless and friendless, was not a very inviting prospect. Then he begged and persuaded, and liking Mr. Tremaine as I did, I consented. I remembered my old girlish passion for Jasper Cameron, and how soon it had died out, so you see I was not prepared to demand an extravagant affection again, or think it absolutely necessary that I should experience it. But I was honest with him. I told him how I felt, and he was not only satisfied, but earnest to take me. When I found how happy I could make him, I had no further misgiving. Uncle Gilbert promised to tell the story of my marriage, for I could not bring myself to speak of it, so distasteful had it become.

"It was a hasty marriage, as you know, Catherine. Uncle Gilbert was so anxious to have it take place before he died, and so I became Ralph Tremaine's wife. Before a month had elapsed I was perfectly satisfied, and would not have exchanged my state for any liberty. I think even then I loved him more deeply than I was aware. But one day Uncle Gilbert told me that he had *not* informed Mr. Tremaine of my earlier marriage. He had commenced one evening when they were alone, by saying that before I was fifteen I had entertained a girlish penchant for a young fellow who had been drowned, when Mr. Tremaine stopped him.

"'That can make but little difference to me,' he said, 'since I too have had a fancy more deeply rooted than hers. It will be enough if she loves me now.'

"I cannot tell you how indignant this confession made me. If it had been from any but a dying man, and one to whom I owed so much—and then, too, he seemed to think that Mr. Tremaine and I would be happier with it left unspoken now. I weakly yielded the point, and shortly afterwards Uncle Gilbert died. Mr. Tremaine was all tenderness and devotion. We went to Woodlea then, his lovely home, and oh, Catherine, the last morning on which we were together, I felt that I *did* worship him with my whole soul. I can't tell why I should have had such a presentiment, but it almost seemed as if some evil fate was lying in store for me. If I had only told him then!"

"And you never did?" Catherine Dawson's voice was low, with a tinge of reproach.

"Oh, Catherine, pity me a little. It is my misery now. I used to think I would, but the right time never came. And now Jasper Cameron has returned, for he was not dead. He sent for me that very day. I had been talking with him, and was almost wild with terror and despair, when I came here."

"It can't be! Are you quite sure, child?"

"Oh, Catherine, if I *could* doubt!"

"Hush now and rest," the woman said, noting how wan the tremulous lips had become.

"No, let me finish. I want to tell you about that day. After all, what is life to me now that I should take such care!"

Dora went on more slowly, pausing now and then as if some scene almost escaped her. Catherine listened, feeling that the case was well nigh hopeless. Jasper Cameron had returned to claim his wife, and even if she hated him, there was the bond.

"He's a mean, selfish, underhand villain!" she exclaimed, "and he's not doing this for any love of you. Oh, why did God allow him to return!"

"Why, Catherine! We were so happy; there was such a tender confidence and love growing up between us. And now I need him so much, so much."

"You can never be anything to——"

"Don't, Catherine! It makes me shudder. If it came to that I believe I should kill myself first, and trust God to forgive. For He must understand how hard, how terrible it is!"

"You said that you sent to—Mr. Tremaine?" Dora resumed, after a pause. "Tell me when, and who took the note?"

"That very afternoon. Jemmy Connor went down town with it, and saw Mr. Tremaine." The last words were uttered very slowly.

"I wish I could see him."

It was not hard work to find Jemmy. After a little looking up and down the street, Mrs. Dawson espied him, and summoned him within, explaining what was wanted of him.

Jemmy went through with his usual scrape and tug at his hat, but looked decidedly awkward.

"Are you sure that you saw Mr. Tremaine?" Dora asked.

Jemmy flushed at the sound of the low, sweet voice, and stared until his face grew redder than before.

"Tell me how you found the place," she went on encouragingly.

"Sure, I hunted up an' down the street lookin' for the sign, an' when I found it, a man stood by the door. 'Who did you want?' see he, an' I see—'Mr. Tremaine.' 'That's my name,' see he, an' then I gev him the note. 'That's lucky,' says he, 'for I was just goin' up to Woodlea, an' with that he see thankee, my lad, and crammed it in his pocket."

"What kind of a looking man was he?" Dora asked.

Jemmy stared in blank wonder.

"Was he tall, and did he have a full brown beard?"

"Yes, a big pair of whiskers. I think he was tall;" came more hesitatingly. Truth to tell, Jemmy remembered very little about him.

"That will do," said Dora, wearily. "I am much obliged."

Jemmy pulled his hat and backed out of the room. Dora turned her face over on the pillow and was silent a long while.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships." He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance, in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and that a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

☞ Ladies are to wear silver dust in their hair this year; so Paris decrees.

☞ The monogram mania has seized all sorts of people, and so has the money-grab mania.

I CANNOT get over the notion,
Though strive howe'er I may—
For it sadly vexes the ocean
Of pride that fills my clay—
But ever deeper and rougher
The truth on my soul sinks in,
That I sin—*not because I suffer,*
But suffer because I sin."

☞ Little Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny replied. "You, and me, and papa, are made of dust—and mamma and sister are made of men's wibs."

☞ A French Mayor displayed his exceeding politeness by his filling out the passport of a one-eyed Duchess: "Eyes—dark, beautiful, soft, full of expression—one of them being absent."

☞ What girl goes most upon the ice? It's Kate, of course.

☞ EARLY RISING.—A gentleman from Nevada, being asked by an old lady in relation to the welfare of a favorite scapegrace of a nephew who had gone to that state, informed her that "the young man had died from early rising." This puzzled the old lady very much, until, by dint of inquiry, she learned that "early rising" is the Nevada phrase for hanging.

☞ Fishes eyes have been utilised. They make a fine description of gluten, and attention has been turned to their preservation.

☞ It is remarkable that none of our architects have been able to invent an effectual plan for ventilating a building. Is it beyond the power of human genius?

☞ A Minnesota paper says: "The ladies of the congregation have carpeted the Presbyterian church at Shakopee, and request that gentlemen who chew tobacco, leave their mouths at the door."

☞ A gentleman travelling on a steamer one day, at dinner, was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he; "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

☞ A great many persons wish to live their lives over again because they see where they might have sinned, and didn't.

☞ It is folly to not on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. The largest is too small.

☞ It is folly to eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satiated, merely to gratify the taste.

☞ Oyster-breeding in the bay of St. Brieux, on the coast of Brittany, is a great success. At a low estimate the banks were formed at an expense of forty-four dollars each ten years ago, which would now each yield twelve thousand dollars' worth of oysters.

☞ INSANITY.—Next to ill health, according to the recent report of the Indiana Asylum for the Insane, the principal causes of insanity in the West are domestic troubles and religious excitement. The victims of these disorders are nearly equal in numbers—twenty-seven of the former and thirty of the latter—in the Indiana Asylum.

☞ The London criminals are numerous. A delegation of citizens told the Home Secretary, the other day, that there are now 112,403 professional criminals at large, and in the metropolis 2,230 receivers of stolen goods, and 5,689 lodging houses for thieves. The criminals have their own society, places of meeting, public houses, amusements. They have their own public opinion, and care little for any other. They consider open theft as good as the ordinary cheating, if not as respectable, and that sort of respectability is just what they do not care for.

☞ A servant girl in Portland, lately took possession of a basket of champagne (with which her employers were about to regale mundry visitors,) and to have things in readiness, drew the corks from all the bottles, whittled them down and replaced them. When the corks were drawn again, of course there was no "pop," and no vitality in the wine.

☞ A woman acting as midwife at Houghton, Michigan, asserts that on a recent occasion when she was holding a child two weeks old in her arms, and a physician was preparing a prescription for its mother, the child raised up and uttered "in a pleading tone," the word "mother," twice. She (the midwife) recognised this as a warning, and urged that the medicine should not be taken, but her suggestions were not heeded. Again, when the medicine was being taken by the mother, the child repeated its "warning," and before a day had passed the woman was dead.

☞ At a late meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, President Anderson, in speaking of the cut-worm, stated that he had found a remedy in sprinkling salt over his strawberry bed. He used it in the proportion of four bushels to the acre.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows: One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 33 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETTERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers. Of course it is necessary that all the subscriptions in a club should end at the same time.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HER MAJESTY'S TOWER. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is a very interesting history of most of the prominent events which have occurred in the celebrated Tower of London.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Orley Farm," "Small House at Allington," &c. With Illustrations by Marcus Stone. Part First. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO. With Illustrations. By ALEXANDER DUMAS, author of "The Three Guardsmen," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

ANNIE OF GEIERSTEIN, and FAIR MAID OF PERTH. Two Novels by Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

WASHBURN & CO.'S AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE TO THE FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN: Containing a descriptive list of two thousand varieties of flower and vegetable seeds; also, a list of French Hybrid Gladiolus. For sale by Washburn & Co., Horticultural Hall, No. 100 Tremont street, Boston.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES, BROUGHT BACK TO ITS TRUE PRINCIPLES; OR, THE ART OF THINKING IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE. By C. MARCEL, Knt. Leg. Hon., author of "Language as a Means of Mental Culture," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Philada.

☞ A Chicago reporter took phonographic notes of his sweetheart's love talk, and tried to prevent jilting by threatening publication.

NEW MUSIC.

THE WREATH OF GEMS: A collection of the most popular songs, ballads, and duets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; and also for sale by C. W. A. Trumpler, Philada.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Published and sold by Elias Howe, 108 Court Street, Boston. Each number contains $6 worth of first-class piano music, for thirty-five cents.

WAITING FOR THEE. Reply to "Belle Mahone," and "THE GRAPE VINE SWING IN THE DELL." Two pieces. Published at Whitney's "Palace of Music," Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Lincoln at Frankfort.

Mrs. Lincoln is at Frankfort with her son, who is at school. She lives at one of the public hotels in a very plain and unpretending style, occupying a room in the third story, keeping very much to herself, and having the reputation of being very industrious. She is quite economical, and if appearances do not mislead, she has no more funds than are necessary to make her comfortable. To Americans she speaks very freely of the good President, her husband, and always with tears. Two periods of the Presidential career of Mr. Lincoln she alludes to with great feeling. The one covers the last day he spent in Springfield before he first started for Washington. The other is connected with the last day of Mr. Lincoln's life. He had a presentiment when he left his house at Springfield that he should never enter it again. He was tender, but very sad in all his farewells to his neighbors. When he got into his carriage to go to the station he gave the old homestead, where he had passed so many happy hours of his life, a long, fond, lingering look. Turning to his wife, he said:—"My dear, take a good look at the old house. We shall never live in it again—never." He leaned back in his carriage and was silent till he reached the station. The day on which Mr. Lincoln was shot he seemed very sad and worn down. Before he left the breakfast-table Mrs. Lincoln said to him—"You need rest, you are exhausted. Promise me that you will ride with me this afternoon at three o'clock," and he promised. Mrs. Lincoln said—"Shall I invite some friends to go with us?" He said—"No; let us go alone." He was uncommonly tender during the whole ride; spoke of their pleasant home in Springfield; their early struggles; the death of their children; the noble men who had died in battle; and the dear friends they had left behind. He seemed like one on the Western slope and nearing the going down of the sun, whose joys and the friends of his youth were clustering around him. The rest of the story the world knows by heart. Whatever may have been thought of Mrs. Lincoln during the heat and conflict of the rebellion, she has won on this side of the water only friends by her lady-like and retired conduct. The best friends of America here thinks she has been treated rather harshly. Military men are unanimous in the opinion that she is entitled to a pension as much as any soldier's widow, for by our Constitution the President is the head of the army, and he fell in the cause of his country.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

☞ **Angelina Podesta, an Italian lady of one hundred years' standing, last week, at Cincinnati, went to a ball and danced from 9 P. M. to 5 A. M. The old lady was among the first on the floor and the last to leave it, participating in almost every dance.**

☞ A pin manufacturing company in Connecticut manufacture nearly seven millions of pins per day. The number put on papers last year approximates the enormous sum of 2,000,000,000, or more than enough to supply every human inhabitant of the globe with a pin each.

☞ A child three years old was recently run over by a train of 60 coal cars on the Erie Railway. He fortunately fell between the tracks, allowed the train to pass over him, and rising uninjured, ran into a shanty by the roadside as if nothing had happened.

☞ A spring wagon has been invented by a gentleman in Maysville, Kentucky, which he proposes to run without any kind of animal or steam power. He has already perfected a small model, which runs up or down hill very rapidly. The power is received from an immense coiled steel spring, which will run for half an hour without being wound up. In going up hill the spring exhausts itself, but in going down hill winds itself up. The inventor claims that he can carry very heavy loads over any ordinary road.

☞ A boy in Brentwood, England, recently snapped a pistol at the head of a woman. It was not loaded, but the woman fell dead—killed by imagination.

☞ London Fun wants to know how Art Unions were conducted in the days of the Pre-Raffle-ites.

☞ A stone weighing 450 carats, now supposed to be a diamond, was found in Virginia nearly one hundred years ago, by a man who picked it up to throw at a rabbit. Noticing that it glittered in the sun, he took it home to his children to play with, not supposing it to be valuable. It has remained in the family till now. It is worthy of note that many scientific men have long been of opinion that diamonds would at some time be found in Virginia.

☞ John A. Washington died at Newborn, N. C., last week. He was the grandson of the uncle of the Father of his Country. Query for genealogists: What relation was John to his country?

☞ A Washington correspondent writes: Among the profoundly important subjects of a conversation which I recently chanced to overhear, from some fashionable ladies, was the tastefulness and extra nicety of the ice-creams served up at one of Mrs. Attorney General Evart's receptions. It was mentioned as something unique that some of the ices were in exact imitation of watermelons and cantelopes, even to the seeds, and the gradations of color of the rind, and of the pink and white of the inside.

☞ A Detroit paper says: "During the greatest excitement in the female convention at Chicago, a hair-mattress maker offered $100 for the privilege of sweeping out the hall after the meeting."

☞ We learn that all Methodists, whether male or female, are to vote on the question of lay representation, which comes up in all the churches this year.

☞ The great ladies of Paris have determined to abolish chignons. False hair is to be repudiated—and women are to appear as if they dressed their own hair. In the day-time the hair is to be simply plaited and confined in a net. In the evening it will only be needful to put on the head a crown, or a wreath of roses or ivy, or some other creeping plant. Glad of it.

SUNBEAMS.

Baby, entranced with the sunbeams bright,
Nestle down in their generous light;
Let them play o'er your checkered dress,
Then while lips and brow they caress,
Grasp one glittering, trembling strand,
Prison it close in your dimpled hand,
Hide it away in your heart to shine
When the day shall break with no cheering sign;
In the years to come, dear, never part
With the warm, bright sunshine in your heart.

When thought shall wake this sleeping brain,
And you through sorrow knowledge gain;
When this sweet face grows stern and wise,
And a jaded look rests in these eyes;
When you learn as sunlight dries the dew,
So fade the phantoms men pursue.
Then closer and closer guard the strand
You caught long ago through your baby hand;
In the cells of your heart may the blest beam play,
And keep that fresh though the head grow gray.

THE NEW CABINET.—Mr. Washburne having resigned the office of Secretary of State, owing to his ill health, and Mr. Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury, not being willing to give up his importing business, the President nominated Hamilton Fish, of New York, Secretary of State; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury, and Gen. John A. Rawlins, Secretary of War.

E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, was also nominated Minister to France; Frank Moore, Assistant Secretary of Legation to France; and A. K. Smart, Marshal for District of Columbia; and they were shortly afterwards all confirmed by the Senate.

Mr. Borie, of Philadelphia, remains as Secretary of the Navy; and Mr. Cresswell, of Maryland, Post Master General.

☞ A boa constrictor in Singapore has swallowed a young lady, who wore at the time a $15,000 diamond necklace. The young lady is of no value now, but the necklace is—so about thirty thousand natives are diligently searching for the snake.

☞ San Francisco can claim to have the greatest variety of religious worship of any city in the land. Not only has it a Chinese temple, but a Greek church began its public services there on the last Thursday in August. There are about one thousand members of this church in California, emigrants from Russia. Their number will doubtless be increased from Alaska, where the Greek religion prevails.

☞ Miss Elwood, of Buffalo, having been pictured in a New York paper as appearing at the rink carnival immodestly dressed as Mercury, her father has sued the publisher for $50,000 damages as libel.

☞ A Richmond lady being asked whether she considered the Black Crook an objectionable exhibition, replied that she "saw no objection to *ladies* going." Well, may not gentlemen go wherever it is fit for ladies to go?

☞ There are now nine velocipede schools in Boston in full and successful operation.

☞ A Virginia paper gives a strange account of a man at Norfolk, who has applied, it is said, to the state authorities to be decitizenised, and then he intends to go to England, and after a sufficient apology for the rebellion of his ancestors in 1776, will ask to be restored to the condition of a British subject. He is said to be a man of wealth.

☞ UTAH.—The Salt Lake Daily Telegraph invites strangers to visit Utah, eat strawberries and apples, and adds:—"You need not have more than one wife if you don't want to. There's no compulsion about it."

☞ The Clerk of the Massachusetts House says the statute book is made of public acts and private axes.

☞ To have a man as Secretary of the Treasury who will honestly collect the revenue, is said to be worth $75,000,000 a year to the country—that large amount being yearly either not collected, or stolen.

☞ The price of sugars having fallen two cents at wholesale from the high prices they had reached, consumers are correspondingly glad.

☞ The Reverend Mrs. Buffum kindly announces to Chicago that she preaches the gospel of Lord the Mother, God the Father, Christ the Son, and Soul the Daughter, sustaining herself by the Holy Bible, every day in the week, Sunday excepted.

☞ The Suez Canal, it is stated, even if successfully completed, cannot be kept in a proper condition without great difficulty, from the following causes:—First. The Nile deposit choking up Port Said. Second. The sand of the desert drifting into the canal. Third. The destructive action on the banks of the canal likely to be caused by the waves from passing vessels. Fourth. The enormous evaporation which will take place in summer months over the surface known as the Salt or Bitter Lakes.

☞ A contemporary "thinks the million men who are now in pursuit of office are, to a great extent, the most incompetent million to fill the offices of which they are in pursuit." The truth is that the man who asks for any office, thereby proves that he is not the proper man for the place. Office should seek the man, not the man the office.

☞ The recent New Hampshire election was carried by the Republicans by about 4,000 majority.

☞ It having seemed an important question with the physicians of Paris how far they were at liberty to divulge information obtained from patients, when required to do so by officers of the law, they submitted the matter to the lawyers of that city, and have received for answer that "the obligatory revelations of a medical secret does not exist in French legislation."

☞ The French define "flirtation" to be the boundary line between friendship and love.

☞ French cities are prohibiting the use of velocipedes on the pavements.

☞ Isinglass is prepared from the entrails of certain fish, chiefly the sturgeon, and should be perfectly soluble in boiling water.

☞ THE DOWNWARD ROAD.—A young lawyer in Chatauqua county, New York, having been asked to run for Congress, declined, saying:—"It is true that I left my father's workshop, studied law, and have been admitted to the bar; but I firmly, though respectfully, decline to take another downward step."

☞ An ingenious man has invented a plan for making honeycombs. This will save the bees a great deal of labor, and secure a hive of honey in a short time from the commencement of the working season.

☞ John Johnston, than whom there is no better farmer in the Republic, says that cows and sheep should not be pastured together. Horses and sheep form a more suitable partnership, as their grazing habits are similar.

☞ At the Iowa State Agricultural Convention recently held, the question of horse-racing at fairs met with an overwhelming defeat. Only a single person raised his voice in its favor. The county societies in that state and in Ohio are generally taking steps to abolish this singular branch of an agricultural exhibition.

☞ A young woman in Chicago has invented a new branch of female usefulness. She advertises that she will "give lessons in etiquette, and the way of conversing with ladies, to any young gentleman who does not feel at ease in the society of the opposite sex. Tuition to lovers, extra." She makes a specialty of proposals in various forms.

☞ The wealthiest man in America is young Stevens, son of the late Edwin A. Stevens, who, when he reaches his majority, will be worth $150,000,000, by the advance in the value of his real estate in New Jersey.

☞ CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—An exchange says:—One of our lady readers informs us that pure lard, thoroughly rubbed in on the parts affected, will surely give relief in the worst cases of neuralgia. This is a very simple prescription, and should be tested by those troubled with this distressing complaint.

☞ Booth's new theatre in New York is lighted with the oxyhydrogen flame; it was arranged to move the scenery by the means of steam power, but the experiment was unsuccessful.

☞ San Francisco has had a mile race between a railroad train and a velocipede. The former won by a minute.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. About 9000 bbls sold at $5@5,50 for superfine; $6@6,50 for extra; $7@7,25 for Northwest extra family; $7,50@8,50 for Penna family; $8@9,50 for Ohio family, and $10@13 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $7@7,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There is more doing in Wheat. 30,000 bus good to prime Penna, Western and New York red sold at $1,60@1,75; 15,000 bus amber at $1,70@1,85; 1500 bus No. 1 spring at $1,55; 10,000 bus California at $1,85@1,95, and 2000 bus New York and Western white at $1,80@1,95 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—4000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,55@1,57 ₱ bus. Corn—30,000 bus of yellow sold at 90@96c ₱ bus. Oats—65,000 bus sold at 72@76c for Western, and 60@70c ₱ bus for Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—Market quiet. Sales of Mess Pork at $33,50@33. Mess Beef sells at $22@23,50 for city packed. Green Meats—Sales of 400 tes pickled Hams at 17@17½c, and shoulders at 12½. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls and tes Western at 13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 30@35c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 21@22c. Eggs sell at 22@24c ₱ doz.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $36 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples are selling at $2@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of 70,000 lbs of Tennessee Apples at 11@11½c, and 30,000 lbs of North Carolina at 12@14c ₱ lb, and Peaches at 17½@18c for halves, 12½@14c for quarters, and 10@20c ₱ lb for pared.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 12@16c, according to quality.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,30@1,40; mixed do do $1,20@1,25; inferior $1,10@1,15.

SEEDS—3500 bus Clovereed sold at $9,75@10,25. Timothy; 1200 bus sold at $3,00. Flaxseed is selling at $2,65@2,70 ₱ bus.

☞ A beautiful syrup of grape-sugar is being hawked about the towns of Germany, under the name of Swiss land-honey. It does not contain a particle of honey, and is made of starch which is converted into grape-sugar by the action of sulphuric acid. The sulphuric acid is afterward precipitated with marble or chalk. It can be detected by the fact that a little of the sulphate of lime remains in solution, though perfectly harmless.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 50 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 8@9½c ₱ lb. 2300 Hogs sold at from $16,00 to 17,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ A female society in an Ohio town is called the "Knitting Machine," and its purpose is to rout liquor-sellers by marching into a saloon, appropriating all the chairs, and quietly sitting down to knitting. At one saloon, the ladies found the tables turned when the men present commenced furiously smoking.

These Extracts can now be obtained of reliable grocers everywhere.

☞ The sore straits to which Presidents are put to keep their own counsels is well illustrated by an anecdote told of Mr. Lincoln. Before he had got well inured to the torture of Washington politicians, he was visited by an old friend from the West whom we will call Smith. "Smith," said the President, with a rueful visage, "out in Illinois they used to think me an honest man; but here these fellows *twist lies right out of me!*"

HUNT'S COUNT TONIME POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ A velocipede race took place at Worcester, Mass., a day or two ago. There were eighteen competitors, eight of whom were thrown. The remaining ten finished a course of a little less than half a mile in various periods of time—the fastest rider making the course in seventy-two seconds.

Spit, Spit; Hawk, Hawk.

Why don't you use Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR—pint bottles $1—and get rid of Catarrh? 'Tis sold by all druggists. mar13-4t

☞ Sir James Y. Simpson, the celebrated physician of Edinburg, says that "a rattlesnake or a tiger escaping from a travelling menagerie into a school full of children would, in all probability, not wound or kill nearly so many children as would a boy or girl coming among them affected with, or still imperfectly recovered from, scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox."

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Uncertainty is the bane of life; but there is no uncertainty as to the curative action of this Ointment, for *fever* sores and all external inflammations.

☞ Some years ago a respected citizen of London died, not making a will; his wife and other children stepped in to administer; but another wife and other children also made their claim. It was then discovered that this steady man had two homes, and that he spent a quiet domestic life, turn and turn about at either. In each he had a wife, and in each a grown up family. The second wife knew nothing of the first; the first had never heard of the second; but each regarded him as a commercial traveller, bound by business to make occasional journeys from home. The anecdote illustrates the more than geographical distance that separates one part of London from another, and the possibilities of concealment.

A Malarious Month.

March, that gives us a new President, is also the inaugural month of many harrassing disorders. Entangled in its *fogs* are the seeds of coughs, colds, and of that alternation of frigidity and fire, more widely known than admired, called fever and ague. The only way to avoid these "little unpleasantnesses," is to render the system strong enough to fight off the atmospheric poison that produces them, and the best way to endow it with this repellant power is to tone it with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

If a warfarer were credibly informed that a ruffian was waiting at the next corner, he would doubtless turn in his tracks, and take a safer route to his destination. With just about the same amount of trouble, the attacks of diseases prevalent at this season may be evaded. Nay, the trouble will be less, for drug stores lie in every one's route, and every respectable druggist in the Union keeps on hand HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. The article is a staple of trade, and it would be as easy to find a grocery without sugar, as the store of an apothecary without this popular tonic remedy.

In view of the experience of the nation with regard to the article, during the space of twenty years, it seems almost unnecessary to recapitulate its merits to Americans. But as our population is increasing at the rate of a couple of millions a year, in the natural way and by immigration, it may be as well to hint to the rising generation and new arrivals, (the old settlers know all about it,) that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the most wholesome and potent vegetable tonic ever manufactured; that it is a specific for debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, and miasmatic fevers; that it prevents, as well as cures, these complaints and their complications; that it is not "bad to take," and is absolutely harmless.

mar6-4t

☞ Speaking of the death of a celebrated Oxford boatman, the London Leader says: "Our best rowers and athletes almost invariably die of heart disease, and die at the very moment when the bodily system appears in superb order. Athletic science is a very Moloch, whose victims, were they told up, would frighten the nervous into the opposite extreme—that of not undergoing sufficient exertion to keep the physical system in good working order."

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS or POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Theodore Stevens, Mr. WILLIAM J. WRAY to Miss LUCY A. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 4th of Feb., by the Rev. Joseph E. Smith, Mr. WILLIAM SHILLINGSBURG to Miss ANNIE R. SHUSTER, both of this city.

On the 8th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM W. ANDREWS to Miss VIRGINIA W. STIEF, daughter of Robt. Stief, Esq., both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. JACOB ADAMS to Miss ELLEN MCGRADY, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. Saml. Darborow, Mr. WILLIAM A. MILLER to Miss SALLIE R. SAUNDERS, both of this city.

On the 2d of Feb., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, WILLIAM A. SHARPE to Miss E. J. PARKER.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH BROOKS, in his 21st year.

On the 9th instant, ROBERT W. SHAW, in his 19th year.

On the 8th instant, MRS. CATHARINE COTTRELL, aged 22 years.

On the 8th instant, ELIZA ENGLISH, in her 68th year.

On the 7th instant, JANE, wife of Alfred Linn, in his 33d year.

On the 7th instant, FREDERICK DITHMAR, aged 66 years.

On the 7th instant, EDWARD W. PENTON, in his 30th year.

On the 6th instant, JAMES MARTIN, in his 25th year.

On the 6th instant, JONAS P. KYNE, in his 78th year.

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A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; how Shrewd Men are ruined in Wall street; how Countrymen are swindled by Sharpers; how Ministers and Merchants are Blackmailed; how Dance Halls and Concert Saloons are Managed; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted; how Stock and Oil Companies Originate and how the Bubbles Burst, read this work. It contains 35 fine engravings; tells all about the Mysteries and Crimes of New York, and is the Spiciest and Cheapest work of the kind published.

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CAUTION.—Inferior works of a similar character are being circulated. See that the books you buy contain 35 fine engravings and sell at $2.50 per copy. fe13-tf

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6. Good Bye, Sweetheart, Good Bye.
7. I Really Don't Think I Shall Marry.
8. Pride of Tears.
9. Champagne Charlie.
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13. The Danish Boy's Whistle.
14. Little Maggie May.
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The above can be obtained at the Music, Book and Periodical Stores, or by enclosing the price, 5 CTS. EACH, to the Publisher. Other choice selections will rapidly follow. Agents wanted. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 98 Spring St., New York.

NEW SABBATH-SCHOOL BOOK.—Just published, "*THE MORNING STARS.*" A collection of religious songs, for Sunday-schools and the home circle.

This book of religious songs for children was undertaken because the authors could find no book which appeared to them to be well adapted for the use of Sunday-schools, and the choir of children, whose musical instruction they have in charge. Great care has been taken in this selection that the words might faithfully reflect the sentiment of the music as well as equal it in elevation of tone. Price in boards, 35 cents; paper, 30 cents. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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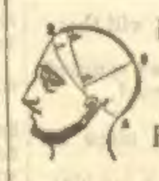

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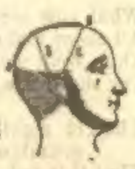

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COMPARE PRICES.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., whose Organs are acknowledged to be the best, have this season introduced very important improvements and new styles of Organs, and have *materially reduced prices.* Four Octave Organs, $50 each; Five Octave Double-Reed Organs, Five Stops, $125. *Every one having any idea of purchasing an Organ* should at least obtain one of their circulars (which will be sent free,) and compare prices. Address the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 596 Broadway, New York, or 154 Tremont St., Boston. mar6 2t

GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND for the *MENDENHALL IMPROVED SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM* sold by H. T. THOMAS (successor to A. B. GATES & Co.,) who has now improved and perfected the above Loom, so that Rag Carpets, Satinet, Jeans, Linseys, Tweed Balmoral Skirting and numerous other styles, with the Fly Shuttle can be woven by simply turning an easy crank at the rate of 20 to 30 yards per day by a girl or boy thirteen or fourteen years of age.

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£150.000.000 STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Wills searched for. All Letters must be pre-paid. GUN & CO., fe13-3m Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency, No. 6 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.

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$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business either *Ladies or Gents.* For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp, C. L. VANALLEN & CO., 48 New St., New York City. oct3-6m

TURN THE CARPET.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat—
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

What with my brats, and sickly wife,
Quoth Dick, I almost tire of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree.
Why all to him? Why none to me?

In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world, (indeed I've thought so long,)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, where'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the blest.

Quoth John, Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder!

Quoth Dick, My work is yet in bits,
But still, in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, that carpet is inside out!

Says John, Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

As when we see these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern, can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For there the carpet shall be turned.

Thou'rt right, quoth Dick, no more I'll grumble
That this and world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right!

SIX INCHES OF STEEL.

Years ago—how long I need not tell—I wished to learn the two prominent accomplishments of a gentleman of that day, fencing and dancing. A friend gave me the address of a tenant of his in Russell Square, a French refugee, who taught these arts. One afternoon I called and asked was M. Jacques at home. A stout, hearty-looking English girl opened the door, and replied that the old gentleman was in, would I "come in here?" "Here" was a small room on the right of the passage.

The heavy slipshod feet tolled up the stone staircase; I heard a door half opened, and the murmuring of voices, and then the slipshod feet tolled slowly up another flight, and a firm yet light tread descending told me that M. Jacques was coming.

The door opened, and a tall, white-haired, soldier-like figure entered the room, and the keen eyes swallowed me and my belongings at a glance.

"Good-day, sir. You are English; but, do you speak French?"

"*Un peu.*"

"Ah! I see, a very, very little; let us then talk in your tongue till by-and-by."

Clearly, I did not speak French well, in M. Jacques' opinion.

"You desire me for what?"

"My friend, Mr. Wilson—"

"Ah! your friend—he is a very good man—a gracious man; yes."

"He stated that you could teach fencing and dancing."

"Yes, that is true; I can teach fencing and dancing. Is it for that you want me?"

"It is. I desire to learn both accomplishments as speedily as possible."

"Good; that is well: I like your energy. When will you begin?"

"Now, if it suits you."

"Quite so. I am at your service."

"But you have not mentioned the terms."

"Terms?"

"Yes. How much shall I have to pay?"

"Yes, to pay. I had forgotten. You shall pay me for four lessons, one guinea. Is it well? Are you satisfac—satisfacted?"

"Satisfied."

"Yes, that is it. Are you satisfied?"

"Quite. I will take twelve lessons in each art."

"Twelve lessons! Bah! you shall need little when you shall reach the ending of your course, if you have descent, as you call it here—blood—not bourgeois—you understand."

"My father, sir, was a surgeon, the son of a poor county gentleman. I am—"

"*N'importe.* I can see what you are. I shall make you a good swordsman in a little time, if you will keep your eye on your adversary as you kept it on me when I made that speech to you. You have what you call 'pluck.' Is it right—'pluck?'"

"Quite right."

"Then come, and we shall try your eye and wrist up-stairs."

He went up-stairs, and I followed the old soldier. We entered a large well-lighted room on the first floor, bare of all furniture but a piano, then a rarer instrument than now, and a few chairs. On the piers between the windows hung some foils and masks, while some half-dozen single-sticks stood in the corner.

"Now, monsieur, will you place yourself there, as thus: with your body upright, and your arms hanging loosely to your sides, *comme ca.*"

The old gentleman put himself in position; as he did so, I noticed the slightest limp, the slightest possible, but still a limp—that I saw, as I watched him during the lesson, was from a stiffening of the knee-joint. I thought it was a curious thing to be taking lessons in the most active of exercises of an old gentleman who was lame, but I could see at once that he was a most perfect master of the weapon.

"That will do for to-day for the sword, monsieur; now for the dance, if monsieur is not too much fatigued."

"Not at all—not the least."

"Well, then, to begin. You know a little of the dance?"

"A very, very little—as little as of French, monsieur."

"Ah! you shall know all better in a little."

He took from off the piano a small violin and bow, and ran a rapid scale on the strings.

"Good. Now, place yourself *comme ca.* One, two, three. You see it is simple—first position, second position, third position—you see. No, no, monsieur, that second position is wrong, all wrong; *comme ca. Un, deux*, now— *Peste!* my limb is troublesome to-day; I cannot dance."

"Another day—" I began.

"No, no; remain; we shall manage."

He moved to the door, and half-opening it, called impatiently in French: "Julie, Julie, descend quickly in your shoes." In a few seconds entered Julie.

Julie! It is a long time now since I first saw Julie. Can I picture her? A tall dark girl, with black—intensely black—large eyes, child's eyes; a small mouth, full lips, and a form thin, bony, and lithe as a greyhound's; dressed in a low child's dress, much too small and short for her. She was like a child of ten, seen through a glass that made her the size of a girl of eighteen. "Mademoiselle de Bonheur—Monsieur Arthur Forrester."

She courtesied low, in the style then in fashion; I made my best bow. "Julie, my limb is to-day weak; I cannot teach; you shall teach this gentleman his dance."

"Oui, mon pere."

"Now, begin. Un, deux, trois. Regard mademoiselle's feet, monsieur; it is her feet that dance. Un, deux, trois." And so on for nearly half an hour, during which the eternal "Un, deux, trois" was occasionally interrupted by little snatches of the strings with the fingers, and sudden sweepings of the bow over the instrument. "Good, monsieur: you have life, you have soul; you shall yet dance—you feel the music. It shall be creditable to me to have taught you. Julie, you shall wish monsieur good-day."

"Bonjour, monsieur," said Julie; and with a low courtesy she left us.

"And when will you come again?"

"The day after to-morrow I can come."

"Bien; come then. I shall hope my limp will then be well. Bonjour, monsieur;" and the old gentleman rang the bell and bowed me out.

The day came, and I went again, and was directly shown up-stairs into the room.

"Ah, monsieur, we are unfortunate; my limb is no use. This climate of yours is bad for old soldiers; my wounded limb aches for want of the sun."

"I shall be glad to call another day, if more convenient."

"No, no; it is of no consequence; Julie will teach you. Will you be so kind as to open the door for me?—I am crippled."

"Certainly."

"Julie, Julie!" thundered the old man; "descend quickly, with your shoes and your *corsage.*"

Julie came in speedily, and with a small leather breast-guard in her hand. "Bonjour, monsieur."

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Ju— de Bonheur."

"See, now, you shall take your lesson from mademoiselle," said monsieur, as he buckled on her leather armor, and fitted her mask. "Now, salute. Julie, salute." Julie went through the motions with an ease and grace that excelled her father's. "Now, you must regard the hand of mademoiselle; the time has not come to you to watch her eyes. Now, *en guard.* Good. Carte—thrust."

I thrust as gently as possible, while Julie, with the foil in her left hand, slipped the fingers of the right along my blade to aid the bend—in true fencing style.

"Bah! Monsieur, do not fear; it has not arrived to you yet to be dangerous to mademoiselle. Again, that. You must lunge with your body, and of mademoiselle have no fear; she can guard herself. Your nails up a little more. Now, the carte—thrust. That is better. Again."

The situation was horrible; to be compelled to thrust full in the chest of this child; but there was no help for it, and I did it; and so we went on through the whole of the motions—prime, second, quint, parade, low carte, and the rest of it—Julie placing herself in the proper positions, and thrusting and guarding with a vigor and grace that more than equalled her teacher's.

After the fencing came the dancing, with its "Un, deux, trois," and a repetition of the caution that mademoiselle's feet should be regarded, as it was with those she was teaching.

The limb continued weak for some time, and the lessons continued to be given by Julie, and as my eyes began to get accustomed to look on hers through the haze of the wires of the mask—for I had become practised enough to be permitted to cross foils with her in real attack and defence—I saw a change had come over them; the child was growing a woman; there was no longer the stare of childish curiosity, or the simple glance of the practised fencer; there was more, the woman's soul waking in them. Her form altered; the angles were becoming rounded, the grace was more graceful, but the thin tightly stretched skin on the face and shoulders, that altered but little.

One day I bought a box of chocolates for the old gentleman, who was at last well enough to take the foils; he ate some, and gave the box to Julie, and we went on with our lesson, she remaining in the room for the dancing. When the lesson was over, he said: "Ah! how I will enjoy one of your little chocolates."

Julie started as if from a dream—the box was empty. He laughed, and said: "Ah, my child, you are so fond of chocolates, you have not left your father one. "*Ah, coquine*"—and he pinched her ear—"ah, greedy one!"

She blushed, the tears started in her eyes, she said nothing.

"Bah! Now, monsieur, I have broken my string.—Julie, go get me—— No; you don't know where; I'll myself go.—Mademoiselle shall play you some music while I am gone, monsieur; in a few minutes I shall return."

The old man left the room with his instrument, and Julie turned to the piano and sat down. As I opened it, she said, with her voice full of tears: "Monsieur, you must not think me a greedy child."

"But," said I laughingly, "you ate the whole box."

"True, monsieur; but since last Sunday I have eaten nothing but some bread—since yesterday, nothing. I am not greedy; I was only hungry and forgetful."

"My God, mademoiselle! what can you mean? You are destroying yourself. Why did you not eat—at your age?"

"At my age! There was nothing to eat; after Mary had eaten, there was nothing to eat."

"Heavens! Poor child! is this possible? I, wretch that I am, have never once offered to pay your father what I owe him; why, I have had one course of lessons after another, and paid for none. Why did not your father speak—remind me?"

"Monsieur de Bonheur would die first."

"I will pay this moment. Fool that I was, not to see it in your face!"

"Am I then *so* thin?"

"Thin! poor child!"

"Child! I am seventeen, monsieur."

"Seventeen, mademoiselle!"

"Oui, monsieur; j'ai dix-sept ans."

"I am very sorry; I will at once see your father."

"Do not disturb yourself so much, monsieur; it is nothing. If it had not been for the chocolates, you would not have known about it at all, but I could not let you think me a greedy child. You will not speak to my father, as if I had told you? Promise me. He would never forgive me."

"Mademoiselle, I promise."

The old gentleman now entered with the new string properly adjusted, and once more we began the one, two, three, four.

"*Machinalement*, Julie, *machinalement;* monsieur is to *learn* to dance, not to dance for his pleasure. Again that. Un, deux, trois, comme ca."

And so we went through the minuet and the new waltz, to the scraping of the violin; and whenever we moved a little too much, as though we were dancing for pleasure instead of practice, the old gentleman's "Machinalement, Julie, un, deux, trois," speedily brought us to task level.

At the close of the lesson, I stated that I was uncertain about being able to come again for some time, and should be glad to discharge, as far as money could, my obligations to him.

"N'importe, monsieur; when you have completed, will be good."

"I must beg you to allow me to settle the matter now."

"Bien," said monsieur, with a shrug, "if you wish it;" and he dropped the guineas without counting them into his waistcoat pocket, with an air of indifference that would have been laughable but for the story I had just heard from poor Julie. I left the house, and waited at the street-corner to see what would happen; and in a few minutes I saw the English girl come out with her basket, and presently return with something in the basket, and on the top a little bottle of foreign make; and then I left, determined that while my ignorance of fencing and dancing could prevent it, Julie should never eat another box of chocolates from sheer hunger.

It was more than a week before I again went to the house. The change was complete; Julie was a woman, a beautiful brilliant woman. Food had acted on her as by magic. Her dress too was altered, higher in the throat, lower in the skirt, but still short enough to show the most delicate foot and ankle I ever saw.

The old man saw no difference. When the limb was well, I fenced with him while Julie played; when the limb was bad, I fenced and danced with Julie, with only an occasional "Plus machinalement, Julie, un, deux, trois." And so it went on for months, till the old gentleman said to me: "Monsieur, it is time for you to leave us. You are a good swordsman; it is only practice that you need to be one of the best. I can no longer take your money for teaching you, as I can teach you nothing."

I pleaded for just one more course of lessons: I could not yet disarm.

"True, monsieur, you cannot; you shall have one more course of lessons. My wrist is now getting stiff, as well as my limb; but Julie's is of steel. She shall teach you. When you can disarm Julie, there is no more we can teach you."

I don't know how it happened, but just at this time, when my admiration—I don't say love, but admiration—for Julie was at its highest point, I fell in love, literally headlong; not a moment's warning was given me. I went to my mother's one evening, and on entering the room, saw my destiny.

I went to take my lessons as usual, but I took no interest in them. I was changed; and never did I get fiercer thrusts in the fencing lessons. Six or eight times, my foil sprang out of my hand, as if I had been a novice. I was nettled. What had made Julie so angry? There was a flash in her eye. What had I done or said to cause it? I gave up guessing, and attended to the lesson once more. Her foil, like a lithe serpent, seized mine, and threw it with a loud clang against the wall.

"Doucement, Julie; doucement, ma fille; doucement. Monsieur is fatigued. You had better cease."

And never once during the dancing lesson that followed was uttered the usual "Machinalement, Julie;" all the life and energy seemed to have left her.

The next lesson presented the same features, a little more subdued.

Between the third and last lesson, I happened to meet Julie and her father in the street; I bowed; and my companion asked who they were.

"My fencing-master and his child."

"Child! Arthur."

"Daughter, I should have said. I'm going there to-morrow for my last lesson."

"Oh!" And my destiny was more silent than usual during our walk home.

On the morrow I went to Russell Square; and before we had been engaged ten minutes, the old gentleman was called away to see some visitor. He left the room with an apology to me, and I turned to renew my contest with Julie. She had thrown aside her mask, and was standing with the point of the foil in her left hand.

"Now, Julie, said I—for insensibly we had dropped into the way of calling each other Julie and Arthur—"now, Julie, once more."

"My name is Bonheur, monsieur; Mademoiselle de Bonheur. Who was that blonde English woman I met you with yesterday?"

"Who was it? That lady, Julie, will be my wife in less than a month. What's the matter, Julie? Are you ill?"

"It is nothing. Take off your mask; we need not always play like children, monsieur."

I threw it off into the corner of the room, and we began. I was quite cool; she, evidently under the influence of some strong passion, with amazing energy. Therefore she lunged at me with all her force and skill, and I felt once, as the point of her foil glided down mine, that though the leather was there, *the button at the end was gone.*

"The button of your foil is off, mademoiselle."

"I know it, monsieur; I have taken it off. Now, monsieur, you shall be married in a month, but not as you are. It is your fair, false face she loves; but it shall not be fair: she shall find marks on it that will change it! It *shall* not be the face that *I* know so well that shall be hers to caress! No, no."

"But Julie—"

"Be guarded, monsieur; the foil has no button. I doubt if you shall live a month."

And she attacked me with a fury that made me need every artifice she had taught me to ward off her thrusts. At last, it came carte over the arm; I parried badly, and the pointed blade ripped up my arm from wrist to shoulder.

The moment she saw the blood, she threw away the foil, and rushed towards me. I sank on to the couch fainting from loss of blood, with just strength enough left to say: "Break off the point, Julie, dear," and then swooned.

When I came to, my arm was bound up, and I heard her sob as I lay with my mind awake but my body motionless:

"Oh, my Arthur! my love! I have killed you! I have killed you, for whom I would have died! Oh, wretch that I am, he will die—he will die!"

She laid her face on my breast, and shook me with her sobs.

"Don't cry, Julie, don't cry; it was an accident, I know, and—"

"No—you will live—you must live to forgive me. It was not an accident—I meant to kill you, wretch that I am!"

I could only say:

"Don't cry, Julie, dear. What do they say? Where is the point? Give it me."

She gave me the broken-off part of the foil. I saw it had been rubbed on some stone till it was as sharp as a needle.

When M. de Bonheur returned, he brought with him his visitor, who by good fortune happened to be an old comrade of his.

"Well, are you better now? How did it happen?"

"The point of the foil broke off, and the edge took me on the wrist as I lunged."

"Bah!—Julie, you must have guarded very badly to do that. Where is the foil? Yes; I see the point is broken off. Where is the point?"

"It must be about the room."

The visitor looked at Julie, and said: "It does not matter; it can be found by and by, when this gentleman has gone. He will be strong enough in an hour to go—meanwhile, let him rest a little; Julie can take care of him."

"Ah, Julie, but it was an awkward guard of yours, and the foil too must have been bad; I shall have to complain to the maker."

Poor Julie sat by me, quite penitent and quite forgiven, for an hour or more, and when we heard them coming, I turned to her and said: "I quite forgive you, Julie, dear; you must love me still like a brother, as I shall love you like a sister. And then—well, there's no harm in these things between brothers and sisters—and then I went home, rather faint and weak, to explain matters, and meet my destiny.

As for Julie, the family property of the De Bonheurs was restored to the old gentleman some months afterwards, and they quitted England; soon after which I received from the Marquise de Charenton a letter which I at once burned, beginning, "My dear Brother," and ending, "Your most affectionate sister, Julie."

Among the treasures of the past which I, like others, keep so carefully and so secretly, there is a packet that contains six inches of steel, and on it is engraved but one word—"Julie."

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATCHING A CHILL.

The warm light from the open nursery door flashed across Clara Lake's path in the corridor, and she went in. Mrs. Chester was running some slate-colored breadths together, the lining for a black frock for Fanny. Miss Cooper sat at the table equally busy. She was a steady industrious young woman, as well-conducted as her brother, the unfortunate engine-driver; and many ladies employed her at their houses by day.

"Is it you, Clara?" cried Mrs. Chester, looking up. "I'm coming down. I suppose you are all wondering what has become of me? Is tea on the table?"

"I—I don't know; I have been in my room," replied Mrs. Lake, taking a low chair near the fire.

Anna, with her quick ear of discernment—at work apart from the rest, with very little benefit of the candles' light—turned round and looked at Clara, as if something in the tone were unnatural; disguised. But she said nothing. Clara seemed absorbed in the fire.

Light, quick steps were heard on the stairs, and Robert Lake dashed in, a gay smile on his face. "Pretty housekeepers you are! The drawing-room fire's gone out."

"The fire gone out!" repeated Mrs. Chester, in consternation. "What will Lady Ellis say? Clara, dear, what could you have been thinking of? You should have rung for coals."

"It was a good fire when I left it," murmured Clara, believing she spoke in accordance with the truth.

"And the fire was all red coals, and the room as hot as could be when I went in for that newspaper," put in Fanny Chester.

"Run, Fanny, and tell them to make up the fire again, and to put in plenty of sticks," said Mrs. Chester. "Has Lady Ellis not been sitting with you this afternoon, Clara?"

"No."

"In her own room, no doubt, writing letters. I hope she is there still. So you have got back, Robert," Mrs. Chester added, turning to her brother.

"Safe and sound," was Mr. Lake's response, as he stood surveying the table and the work going on. "What are you so busy over, all of you?"

Mrs. Chester, bending her eyes and fingers on a complicated join, inserted from consideration of economy, did not take the trouble to answer. Mr. Lake went round to his wife.

"How are you by this time, Clary?" he lightly said; as, standing between her and the table, he bent down to the low chair where she sat, and kissed her forehead.

It was a cold kiss; a careless matter-of-fact sort of kiss, a la matrimony. She made no response in words, or else; but the hot crimson dyed her cheeks, as she contrasted it with a certain other kiss bestowed by him on somebody else not long before; *that* was passionate enough; rather too much so. Had he noticed, he might have seen his wife press her hand sharply upon her bosom; as if she might be trying to hide its tumultuous throbbing.

"And how does the house get on, Robert?" asked Mrs. Chester, lifting her head to speak.

"Slower than ever. You'll have us here until Christmas, Penelope, according to the present look-out."

"I hope I shall; although Clara"—turning toward her—"does seem in a fidget to get back."

Clara seemed in a fidget about nothing, just then; she was sitting perfectly still, her face and her eyes cast down. Robert Lake ran on, in his own fashion, turning his attention upon the dressmaker now.

"Working for your life as usual, Miss Cooper! What is that you are cutting out? A pair of pantaloons for me?"

"It's a pair of sleeves, sir."

"Oh, sleeves; I feared they'd hardly be large enough. By the way, when is that inquest to be brought to an end?"

"I wish I knew, sir," she answered.

"And nothing has been decided in regard to your brother yet?"

"No, sir. It is very hard."

"It is very strange," returned Mr. Lake—"strange there should be this contradiction about the lights. Each side is so positive."

"I am quite certain, sir, that Matthew would not say what was untrue, even to save himself; therefore, when he says it was the green light up, I know it was the green."

"Precisely the same thing that I tell everybody. I have unlimited faith in Cooper."

"And there's Colonel West to bear out what he says, you know, sir. The colonel would not say the *green* light was up, if it was not."

"No. But then, again, Oliver Jupp and the station people maintain it was the red," said Mr. Lake, remarking upon the fact that had puzzled him all along. "For my part, I think there was a little sleight of hand going on. Some conjurors must have been there in disguise. Now, gentlemen and ladies, walk up; the performance is just going to begin. The celebrated Signor Confusiani has taken his place, and is entering on his mysteries. He transforms colors by the help of his magic wand. In looking at the green, you perceive it change to red; in looking at the red, it at once passes into blue."

They all laughed, except Clara. She sat still as before, her eyes fixed on the fire.

"You see, sir, the worst of it is that Matthew is kept out of employment all this time," said Miss Cooper. "They have suspended him. He and his poor young wife are at their wits' end nearly, over it. Two months now, and not a shilling coming in."

"Yes, it is very bad," returned Mr. Lake, speaking seriously for once. "There's a baby too, is there not?"

"Yes, sir. Three weeks old."

"I suppose you give them your earnings."

"I give them what I can, sir; but I have my mother to keep."

"Ah," concluded Mr. Lake, abandoning the subject. "Have you been for a walk to-day, Clara?"

"No."

"You ought to take her, Robert; she scarcely ever goes out now. You might have come back earlier and done it. Lady Ellis did not have a walk to-day, failing you. Why did you not come sooner?"

"Couldn't manage it, Mrs. Chester."

"But—when *did* you come?" suddenly resumed Mrs. Chester, after a pause of thought. "You must have come back in the afternoon. There's no train at this hour."

"Oh, they put on a special one for me."

"Don't be stupid," retorted Mrs. Chester. "You must have been back some time."

"Have it your own way, Penelope, and perhaps you'll live the longer."

"Uncle Robert, you know you were back ever so long ago," interposed Fanny Chester, who had just come into the room. "You have been staying in the garden with Lady Ellis."

"What's that?" cried Mr. Lake.

"I saw you. You were both of you going towards the shrubbery."

He caught hold of the little speaker by the waist, and swung her round. "That's the way you see ghosts, is it, Miss Fanny? Take care they don't run away with you! How could you see me in the shrubbery, pray, if I was not there?"

"Be quiet, Uncle Robert; put me down. Mamma, there's a good fire in the parlor now, and the tea-tray is carried in. And Miss Cooper, I was to tell you they are waiting tea for you in the kitchen."

Mrs. Chester, shaking the threads from her black gown, left the room, Fanny went with her, and Miss Cooper followed. Tea was a thankful boon to the weary, hard-worked dressmaker. Anna never quitted her work until the last minute, and sat on, drawing one of the candles a little nearer to her. Robert Lake began speaking to his wife of the progress of their house; or rather, the non-progress. Clara—the one dreadful certainty giving rise to other suspicions—wondered whether he had bribed the men to retard it. He had not done that, however; he was not one to commit wrong deliberately.

"Seriously speaking, Clara, I do think we shall not get back before Christmas."

She had determined upon saying something; what, she hardly knew. But when she tried to speak, the violent agitation that the effort brought, impeded all utterance. And perhaps the presence of Anna Chester acted as a restraint. She glanced up at him and opened her lips; but no words came; her throat was beating, her breath troubled.

"Clara! you have turned quite white. Are you ill?"

"I—I feel cold," was all she could say.

"It is a cold, nasty night," remarked Mr. Lake, giving no further thought to the matter, or supposing that there was cause to give it. "The tea is ready, I think; that will warm you."

He took one of the candles off the table and went to his room to wash his hands. Anna Chester laid down her work and approached Clara.

"Dear Mrs. Lake, something is troubling you," she said in her gentle manner, as her

sweet eyes glanced deprecatingly at that care-betraying face. "Can I do anything for you—or get you anything? Shall I bring you some tea up here?"

"Hush, Anna! No, it is nothing—only that I am cold. Thank you all the same."

"You are looking so pale. Pale and sad."

"I don't think I have been very well lately, Anna. Let me be quiet, my dear, for a few minutes, will you? my head aches."

Anna Chester, with the delicacy innate in her, quitted the room, setting things a little straight on the work-table in passing it. When Mr. Lake came back, Clara was sitting just as he had left her. Putting down the candle, he came close up, making some trifling remark.

She would have given the world to be able to say a word to him; to ask whether she was to be *second* in his heart; second to that woman; but she simply dared not. Her agitation would have become unbearable, and ended in an hysterical scene.

"Are you not coming to tea, Clara?"

"Presently."

He looked at her with a keen eye. She was odd, he thought.

"What's the matter, Clara? You seem dull, this evening."

There was no answer. Mrs. Lake had her hand pressed upon her throat and chest, striving, though he knew it not, to still the agitation that all but burst its bounds.

"Where is the book?" she presently asked.

"What book?"

"The one you were to bring for me; that you forgot last time."

"Oh, to be sure; here it is," he said, taking it from his coat pocket. "I did not forget it this time, you see."

"You might have brought it to me when you first got back," she reproachfully said.

"Well, I have not been back long. You are shivering; what makes you so cold?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Perhaps you have been asleep; one does shiver sometimes on waking. Come along, Clara; tea will do you good."

She rose and followed him down. Mrs. Chester was pouring out the tea, and Lady Ellis, in her black silk gown with its low body and short sleeves, and the ruche of white crape, causing her to look girlish, years younger than she was, sat on the sofa. She had several evening dresses, but they were all black, and all made in the same simple style. *Sir George* had not been dead twelve months yet; but she had never worn a regular widow's cap—it would have spoilt her hair, she told them. The pretty white net things she wore in a morning were but an apology for one. Very fine, very silky and beautiful did her purple-black hair look that night, and Robert Lake playfully touched it as he sat down beside her.

The children's meal-table, at which Anna Chester used to preside in a little room, was done away with, the two boys having gone to school, so that Anna and Fanny were present as usual this evening. There was plenty of talking and laughing, and Clara's silence was not noticed—save perhaps by Anna Chester.

After tea, when Anna and Fanny were gone away again, Mr. Lake and Lady Ellis began chess; in one way or other they generally monopolized each other's evenings. Sometimes it would be music; sometimes at *écarte*, which she had taught him; often at chess. The small table was drawn out, and they sat at it apart. Mrs. Chester was doing some embroidery-work this evening; Clara sat alone by the fire reading; or making believe to read.

But when she was unobserved the book dropped on her lap. Nobody was looking at her. Mrs. Chester's profile was towards her, but she was fully engrossed with her work; her husband's back was turned. Only Lady Ellis was in full view, and Clara sat studying her face and the glances of her large and flashing eyes.

How long silence had reigned, except for the remarks exchanged now and again between the chess-players, perhaps none of them could have told, when one of those subtile instincts, alike unaccountable and unexplainable, caused Mrs. Chester to turn suddenly to Clara Lake. What she saw made her start.

"Clara! What is the matter?"

Mr. Lake turned quickly round and regarded his wife. The book lay on her knees, her cheeks were scarlet with incipient fever, her whole frame was shaking, her eyes were wild. That she was laboring under some extraordinary attack of terror appeared evident to all. He rose and came up.

"You are certainly ill, my dear!"

Ill, agitated, frightened—there could be no question of it. Not at once did she speak; she was battling with herself for calmness. Mrs. Chester took her hand. Lady Ellis approached with dark and wondering eyes. Clara put her hands before her own.

"It is a nervous attack," said Mrs. Chester. "Go and get some wine, Robert, or some brandy."

He was going already, before she told him, and brought back both. Clara would take neither. Awfully vexed at having caused a scene, the mortification enabled her to throw off the symptoms of illness, except the shivering. Lady Ellis, with extreme bad taste, slipped her hand within Mr. Lake's arm as they stood watching her. He moved forward to speak and so dropped it.

"You must have caught cold, I fear, Clara. Had you not better take something warm and go to bed?"

She lifted her eyes to his, and answered sharply—sharply for her.

"I shall not go to bed. I am well now."

"Colds are sooner got than got rid of, Clara. If you have taken one—"

"If I have, it will be gone in the morning," came the sharp interruption. "Pray do not let me disturb your game."

Contriving to repress the shivering by a strong effort at will, she took up her book again. They returned to the chess-table, Mrs. Chester went on with her embroidery, and so the night went on; Clara, outwardly calm, reading sedulously—inwardly shaking as though she had an ague-fit. Even to herself it was evident that she had caught a violent cold.

"I shall send you a glass of white wine whey," spoke Mrs. Chester, when Clara at length rose to go up-stairs, declining to partake of the refreshments brought in. "And mind you lie in bed in the morning. There's no mistake about the cold."

"How *could* she have caught it?" exclaimed Lady Ellis, with a vast display of sympathy; and Clara bit her tongue to enforce silence, for she could scarcely forbear telling her. My lady, taking her unawares, gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Drink the whey quite hot, my dear Mrs. Lake."

Clara, her mind full of Judas the false and *his* kiss, went up-stairs alone; she preferred to do so, she told them, and shut herself in her own chamber. When Elizabeth appeared with the white wine whey, and left it, she noticed that her mistress had not begun to undress.

Neither had she when Mr. Lake came up, nearly an hour afterwards. They had lingered in the dining-room—he, Mrs. Chester, and Lady Ellis. He was very much surprised. She sat by the fire, wrapped in a shawl, with her feet on the fender.

"Why, Clara, I thought you were in bed and asleep."

There was no answering remark. Mr. Lake, thinking her manner more and more strange, laid his hand kindly on her shoulder.

"Clary, what ails you to-night?"

She shrank away from his hand, and replied to his question by another.

"Why is it that our house is not ready?"

"That is just what I asked of the workmen to-day, lazy dogs!"

"We can go back to it as it is! Some of the rooms are habitable. Will you do so?"

"What in the world for?" he demanded. "We are very comfortable here, Clara; and, between ourselves, it is a help to Penelope."

"We must go back. I cannot stay."

"But why? Where's the motive?"

She drew her shawl closely round her as if she shivered again, and spoke the next words with a jerk, for to get them out required an effort of pain. What it had taken to nerve her to this task so far, she alone knew.

"What is there between you and Lady Ellis?"

"Between me and Lady Ellis?" echoed Mr. Lake, with all the carelessness in life. "Nothing at all. What should there be?"

She bent towards him and whispered.

"Which is it—which is it *to be*, I or she?"

"To be—for what?" rejoined Mr. Lake, really at a loss.

"Which of us is it that you love?" she wailed forth; and indeed the tone of her voice could be called little else than a wail.

"Clara, you are growing foolish."

"Don't put me off in this false way," she vehemently uttered, roused to passion by his indifference. "Why are you always with her, stealing walks and interviews?—why do you give up to her your impassioned kisses, and call her by endearing names? Robert, you will kill me!"

He put the heel of his boot on the bars to push down a piece of refractory coal, probably debating with himself what he should answer.

"Considering that you are my wife, Clara, and that Lady Ellis is but a chance acquaintance, I think you might be above this nonsense."

"Have you forgotten my dream?" she resumed, in a low tone. "Have you forgotten that my coming to this house seemed to shadow forth my death?"

"That dream again, of all things!" exclaimed Mr. Lake in open surprise, involuntary sarcasm in his tone. "I thought it was done with and dismissed."

"I have been thinking of it all the evening."

"Then I'd not confess it," he said, dropping either by accident or in temper the hair-brush he had taken in his hand. "And the notion of my *kissing Lady Ellis*! and calling her—what *did* you phrase it?—endearing names? That's the best joke I have heard lately."

She fixed her gaze steadfastly upon him; there was something in it which seemed to say she could convict him of falsehood, if she chose; and his eyes fell beneath hers.

"What has come over you, Clary? You must be turning jealous! I never knew you so foolish before."

"No," she answered, in a tone of pain, "never before, never before."

"And why now? There's no occasion for it."

"I will not descend to explanation or reproach," she said, after a pause; "you may ask your own conscience how much of the latter you merit. I shall go home to-morrow; I dare not stay in this house with that woman. Do you understand me, I *dare not*. You can accompany me if—if—— Robert, you must choose between us."

He did not speak for a minute or two; and when he did, it was in a careless tone, as though he wished to make light of the matter altogether.

"Of course if you have made up your mind to return to an uncomfortable home, half pulled down, we must do so. I am sorry for the caprice, for we shall be choked with paint and dust."

"Very well. We go to-morrow. I will send Elizabeth over early in the morning, to get things straight for us."

She rose as she spoke, and began to undress. His eyes fell upon the tumbler. Taking it up he held it to the light.

"I do believe this is your whey! It is quite cold. To drink it like this would do you no good."

"Oh, what does it signify?" she answered; as if that and all things else were utterly indifferent to her.

Mr. Lake quitted the room without speaking. By-and-by he came back with another glassful, quite hot.

"Now, Clara, drink this."

She refused at first; it would do her no good, she said; but Mr. Lake insisted upon it. He was her husband still, and could exact obedience.

But the morrow brought no journey for Mrs. Lake. It brought illness instead. With early morning Mr. Lake got up and aroused the house, saying that his wife was ill. She had awoke so exceedingly suffering—her breath impeded, her face and eyes hot and wild—as to alarm him. Mrs. Chester hastened to her bedside, and the nearest doctor was summoned in haste and brought to the house. He pronounced the malady to be inflammation of the chest and lungs, and forbade her to attempt to leave her bed. He inquired of Mrs. Lake if she knew how she had taken it, and she told him, after a pause of hesitation, that she had gone out of doors from a warm room the previous evening, without putting anything on, and the damp cold must have struck to her.

Yes; it was so. As the sight she had gone out to witness struck a chill to her heart, so did the cold and damp strike a chill to her frame. Once before, five or six years ago, she had caught a similar chill, and inflammation had come on in the same rapid manner. The doctor observed that she must be especially predisposed to it, and privately inquired of Mrs. Chester whether any of her relatives had died of consumption. "Yes," was the answer, "her mother and her brother."

Mr. Lake went to Katterley and brought back the gentleman who had attended her from infancy, Dr. Marlow, an old man now. He was a personal friend of theirs as well as medical attendant. He saw no cause for anxiety, he said to Mr. Lake; that she was very ill there was no doubt, but not, he thought, ill unto danger.

"She has a good constitution, she has a good constitution," urged Mr. Lake, his tone of anxiety proving that he wished to be reassured upon the point.

"For all I have ever seen to the contrary," replied Dr. Marlow. "She must be more prudent for the future, and not subject herself to sudden changes of temperature."

"She found the drawing-room very hot, and went from it into the cold night-air. It opens with glass doors. And if you remember, doctor, last night was raw and foggy. At least, it was so here; I don't know what it may have been at Katterley."

So spoke Mr. Lake. But it never entered into his carelessly-constituted mind to wonder *why* his wife had gone out; or whether, having gone out, she might by some curious chance have come unsuspected across the path of himself and another.

For three weeks Mrs. Lake never left her bed. The inflammation had taken strong hold upon her. A nice time of it those two must have had down-stairs! Robert Lake, genuinely sorry for her illness in itself, for her prolonged seclusion, was quite an exemplary attendant, and would pass half an hour together in the sick-chamber, indemnifying himself by several half-hours with somebody else. Mrs. Chester of course saw nothing; nobody on earth could be more conveniently blind where her interest was concerned, and it would be unprofitable to her to lose or to offend Lady Ellis. Clara lay and *imagined* all that might be taking place, the sweet words, the pretty endearments, the confidential interchange of feeling and thought: it was not precisely the way to get better.

The maid Elizabeth was her chief attendant; Anna Chester sat with her often. Mrs. Chester, bustling and restless in a sick room as she was elsewhere, was better out of the chamber than in it. To none of these did Clara speak of her husband; but when Fanny ran in, as she did two or three times a day, Clara would ask questions if nobody was within hearing.

"Where's Mr. Lake, Fanny?"

"Oh! he's down-stairs in the drawing-room."

"What is he doing?"

"Talking to Lady Ellis."

The answer would vary according to circumstances; and Fanny, too young for any sort of suspicion, was quite ready and willing to give them. "He is reading to Lady Ellis;" or "He is out with Lady Ellis;" or "He and Lady Ellis are sitting together by the fire-light;" just as it might chance to be. Twice Lady Ellis went with him to Katterley, and gave Mrs. Lake on her return a glowing account of how quickly the house was getting on now.

Well, the time wore away somehow, and Mrs. Lake got better and took to sit up in her room. The first time she went down-stairs was an evening in November. She did not go down then by orders; quite the contrary. "Not just yet," the doctor had told her in answer to an inquiry; "in a few days." But she felt very, very dull that afternoon, sitting alone in her chamber. Mrs. Chester and Anna were busy down-stairs, making pickles—in the very kitchen that Clara had seen so minutely in her dream; Elizabeth had gone on an errand to Katterley, taking Fanny Chester, and Robert did not come up. She knew he was at home and sat feverishly expecting him, but he never came. Very lonely felt she, very dispirited; tears filled her eyes repeatedly, uncalled for; and so it went on to dusk. Had everybody abandoned her? she thought, sitting there between the lights.

The shadows of the room, only lighted by its fire, threw their sombre darkness across, taking curious shapes. A long, narrow box, containing ferns and seaweed, stood on a stool in front of the hearth; as the shadow of it grew deeper on the opposite wall in the rapidly fading daylight, it began to look not unlike a coffin. As this fancy took possession of her, the remembrance of her dream with all its distressing terror suddenly flashed into her mind; she grew nervous and timid; too frightened to remain alone.

Wrapping herself up in a gray chenille shawl, as warmly as her husband had wrapped another that recent bygone night, she prepared to descend. She was fully dressed, in a striped green silk, and her pretty hair was plainly braided from her brow. The lovely face was thin and pale; the dark eyes were larger and sadder than of yore; and she was very weak yet.

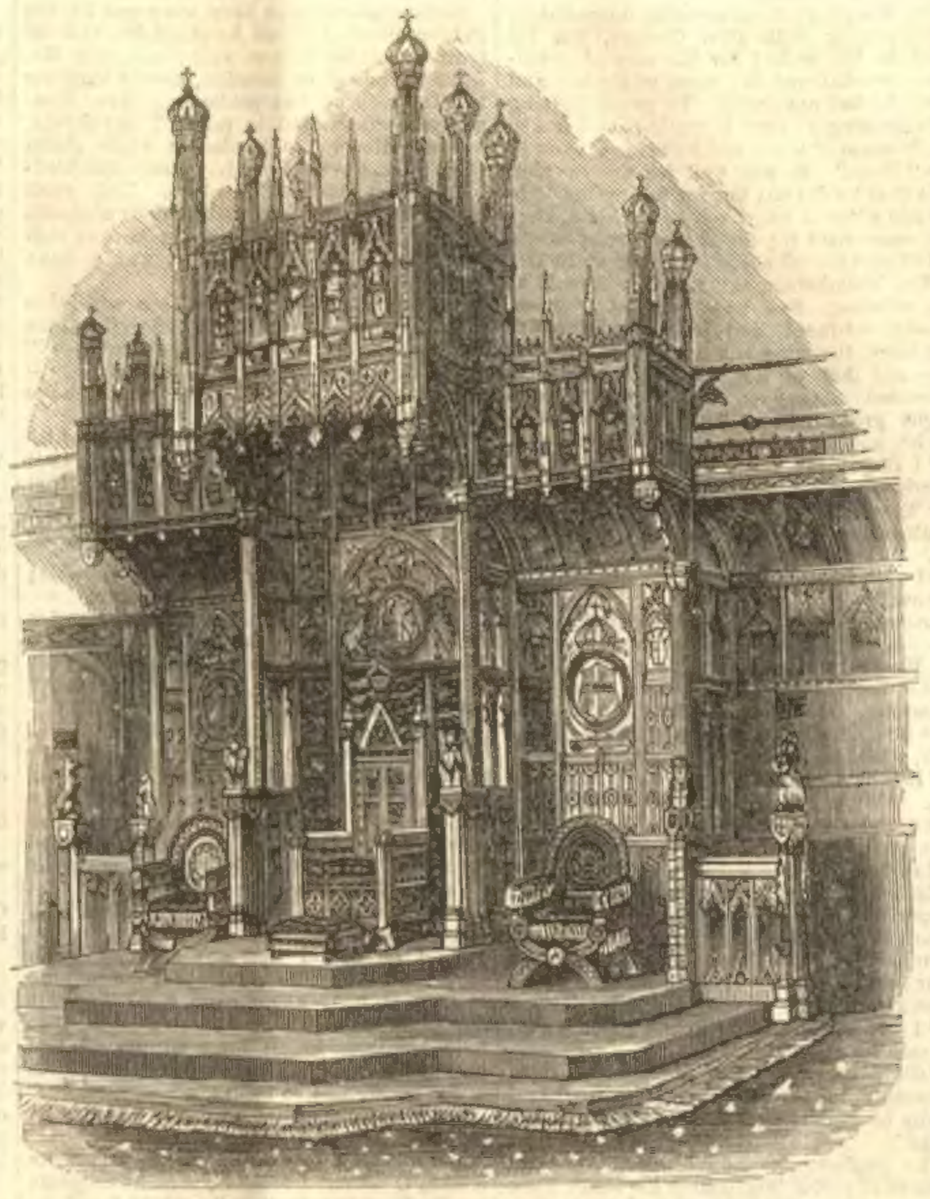
Too weak to venture down the staircase alone, as she soon found. But for clinging to the balustrades, she would have fallen. This naturally caused her movements to be slow and quiet. She looked into the dining-room first; it was all in darkness; then she turned to the drawing-room, and pushed open the half-closed door. Little light was there, either; only what came from the fire, and that was low. Standing over it she discerned two forms, which, as she slowly advanced with her tottering steps, revealed themselves as those of her husband and Lady Ellis. She was in her usual evening attire: the black-silk gown with the low body and short sleeves, and some black ribbons floated from her hair. Mr. Lake's hand was lightly resting on her neck; ostensibly playing with the jet chain around it, and touching her fair shoulder. Talking together, they did not hear her entrance.

"You know, Angeline," were the first words audible—when at that moment he seemed to become conscious that some one had entered to disturb the interview, and turned his head. Who was it? Some muffled figure. Mr. Lake strained his eyes as it came nearer, and sent them peering through the semi-darkness. The next moment he had sprung at least five yards from "Angeline."

"Clara! How could you be so imprudent? My dear child! you know you ought not to have left your room."

"Pushing aside Lady Ellis with, it must be confessed, little ceremony, he dragged a couch to the warmest corner of the hearth, and took his wife in his sheltering arms. Placing her upon it, he snatched up a cloth mantle of Mrs. Chester's that happened to be near, and fenced her in with it from the draught, should there be any. Then he sat down on the same sofa, edging himself on it, as if he would also be a fence for her against the cold. That his concern and care were genuine, springing right from his heart, there could be no question. My Lady Ellis, standing on the opposite side to recover her equanimity, after having stirred the fire into a blaze, and looking on with her great black eyes, saw that.

He bent his head slightly as he gazed on his wife, waiting in silence, not saying a word further until her breath was calmer. Very labored it was just then, perhaps with the exertion of walking down, perhaps with mental emotion.



THE BRITISH THRONE.

We hear a great deal said about thrones—but how many, in this Republican country, have ever seen a throne?

We give therefore this week an accurate representation of the throne which the Queen of England occupies when she visits the House of Lords.

This piece of furniture, in which only Victoria has sat, is entirely of carved oak—British oak—no composition ornaments being used in any part. The arms at the back of the throne are also of carved oak, gilded. Situated at the south end of the chamber, the royal throne is truly beautiful both in design and execution. It is a canopy in three parts, 18 feet 6 inches wide. The centre, rising much above the sides, is for the chair of the Queen; in the back of this are carved, gilt, and emblazoned the Royal Arms, with the appropriate badges and accessories. Within the lower canopy, on the right of the throne, is the chair of the Prince of Wales; within the canopy, on the left, is the chair which used to be filled by Prince Albert.

The Queen's chair is carved and gilt, richly studded with enamels and crystals; the back and arms are covered with velvet, embroidered with the Royal Arms. The two side chairs are in the same style, though of smaller dimensions. The floor of the throne is covered with a velvet pile carpet of deep red ground; the floor of the chamber with a carpet of a royal blue color, dotted with gold.

The House of Lords, with its interior entirely of Riga wainscot of the finest quality, richly and elaborately carved throughout, its blaze of gilding, its traceried windows, its canopied niches for statues of the bold barons who obtained Magna Charta, its slender shafts, terminating in carved busts of kings and princes, its emblazonry of the arms of sovereigns and chancellors, its rich blue ceiling, bordered with red and gold, and its general abundance of color and ornament, is a gorgeous hall, probably too rich in decoration for the eye to dwell long upon, as it turns to dwell upon the emblem of the capital feature in the national political life, the throne of England.

"Now tell me why you ventured out of your room," said he, making a prisoner of one of her hands, and speaking in a tender tone.

"I was dull: I was alone," she panted.

"Alone! dull! Where's Penelope? where's Anna? I thought they were with you. Elizabeth, what is she about?"

She did not explain or answer. She lay back quietly as he had placed her, her eyes closed, and her white face motionless. For the first time Robert Lake thought he saw a look of DEATH upon it, and a strange thrill of anguish darted through him. "What a fool I am!" quoth he to himself, the next moment; "it's the reflection of that fire."

"My dear Mrs. Lake, I should only be too happy to sit with you when you feel lonely," spoke Lady Ellis, as softly as her naturally harsh voice would allow. "But you never will let me, you know."

Clara murmured some inaudible answer about not giving her trouble, and lay quiet where her husband had placed her. He kept her hand still; and she let him do it. He stole quick glances at her wasted features, as if alarm had struck him. She never lifted her eyes to either of them.

The announcement of dinner and Mrs. Chester came together. When that lady saw who was in the drawing-room lying on the sofa, like a picture of a ghost more than a living woman, she set up a commotion. What did Clara mean by it? Did she come out of her room on purpose to renew her illness? She must go back to it again. Clara simply shook her head by way of dissent, and Mr. Lake interposed, saying she should stay if she wished: she would get no harm in the warm room.

They went in to dinner. Not Clara; what little solid food she could take yet was eaten in the middle of the day. There was fowl on the table; and Mr. Lake, leaving his own dinner to get cold, prepared to carry a piece of it to his wife.

"It will be of no use," said Mrs. Chester to him, in rather a cross tone, as if she thought the morsel was going to be wasted; but he quitted the room, paying no attention.

He found his wife in a perfect paroxysm of tears, sobbing wildly. Left alone, her long pent-up feelings had given way. Putting the plate on the table, he bent over her—

"My dearest, this will never do. Why do you grieve so? What is the matter?"

"Oh, you know! you know!" she answered.

There was a dead pause. She employed it in smothering and choking down her sobs; he in any reflection that might be agreeable to him.

"I want to go home."

"The very instant that you may go with safety, you shall go," he readily assented. "If the doctor says you may go to-morrow, Clara, why we will. I must not have my dear little wife grieve like this."

No response. She seemed quite exhausted.

"I have brought you a bit of fowl, Clara; try and eat it."

She waved it away, briefly saying she could not touch it: she could not eat. She waved him away, telling him to go to his dinner. Mr. Lake simply put the plate down again, and stood near her.

"I must go home. I shall die if I stay here."

"Clara, I *promise* that you shall go. What more can I say? The house is sufficiently habitable now; there's nothing to detain us. Settle it yourself with the doctor. If he says you may travel to-morrow, so be it."

She closed her eyes—a sign that the contest was over. Mr. Lake carried the plate of fowl back to the dining-room, not feeling altogether upon the best of terms with himself. For the first time he was realizing the fact that his wife's full recovery might be a more precarious affair than he had suspected.

"I knew she'd not touch it," said Mrs. Chester; "though I think she might eat it if she would."

"Surely she is not sulky;" spoke Lady Ellis in an undertone, to Mr Lake, turning her brilliant and fascinating eyes upon him, as he sat down in his place beside her.

He was not quite bad. He cared for his wife probably as much as he had ever done, although he had become enthralled by another, according to his light and unsteady nature. A haughty flush darkened his brow, and he pointedly turned from Lady Ellis without answering.

"It is the breast of the fowl wasted," cried thrifty Mrs. Chester in her vexation.

It was not wasted. Mr. Lake took it upon his own plate, and made his dinner off it, never speaking a word all the while to anybody.

What of that? With her wiles and her sweet glances, my lady won him round again to good-humor; and before the meal was over he was as much her own as ever. But when the dessert was put on the table—consisting of a dish of apples and another of nuts—Mr. Lake left them to it, and went back to his wife.

She lay on the sofa all the evening. Mrs. Chester grumbled at the imprudence; but Clara said it was a change for the better; she was so tired of her bedroom. Her husband waited upon her at tea—a willing slave; and Clara really said a few cheerful words. Lady Ellis challenged him to chess again afterwards. Mrs. Chester and Anna sat by Clara.

"Very shortly," said the doctor, the following morning, in answer to the appeal which Mr. Lake himself made. "Yearning for home, is she? I fancied there was something of the sort. Not to-day; perhaps not to-morrow; but I think you may venture to take her the following one, provided the wind's fair."

"All right," was the answer. "Tell her so yourself, will you, my good sir?"

Clara was told accordingly. And on the third day, sure enough, the wind being fair and soft for November, Mr. and Mrs. Lake terminated their long sojourn at Guild, and returned to Katterley.

Home at last! In her exhilaration of spirit, it seemed just as though she had taken a renewed lease of happy life.

CHAPTER IX.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

The difference of opinion touching the lights at the railway station on the night of the fatal accident, continued to create no small sensation. The jury turned nearly rampant; vowing they'd not attend the everlasting adjourned inquest, and wanting every time to return no verdict at all, say they could not, and have done with it. The coroner told them that was impossible; though he avowed he did not see his way clearly out of it. But for being the respon-

sible party, he would have willingly pitched the whole affair into the sea.

Over and over again did the public recount the circumstances one with another. When anybody could get hold of a stranger, hitherto in happy ignorance, he thought himself in luck, and went gushingly into all the details. It was a stock-in-trade for all the local newspapers; and two of them entered on a sharp weekly controversy in regard to it. In truth, the matter, that is the conflict in the evidence, was most remarkable. That one party should stand to it the lights were red, and that the other should maintain they were green, was astonishing from the simple fact that both sides were worthy of credit. In the earlier stage of the inquiry the coroner had significantly remarked upon the "hard swearing somewhere;" it seemed more of a mystery than ever on which side that reproach could attach to. The jury could arrive at no decision, and thus the inquest had been adjourned time after time, and now the county was getting tired of it. Cooper, meanwhile suspended from employment, stood a chance of being reduced to straits if it lasted much longer. The Colonel and Oliver Jupp, who had become intimate, made rather merry over it when they met, each accusing the other of having "seen double;" but neither would give way an inch. The lawyers were confounded, and knew not which side to believe; neither of the two gentlemen had the slightest personal interest in the matter; they spoke to further the ends of justice alone, and the one and the other were alike worthy of credit.

Affairs were in this unsatisfactory state, when a gentleman arrived in the neighborhood on a short sojourn, a Dr. Macpherson, L.L.D., F.R.S., and so on; about seventeen letters in all he could put after his name if he chose to do it. He was a man great in science, had devoted the most part of his life to it, no branch came amiss to him; he had travelled much and was renowned in the world. Amidst other acquirements he had phrenology at his fingers' ends, being as much at home in it as we poor unlearned mortals are in reading a newspaper; or as Mr. Lake was in making himself agreeable to a pretty woman.

They were staying at the "Rose Inn," at Guild, this learned gentleman and his wife. Professor Macpherson (as he was frequently called) had come down on some mission connected with geology. He was a very wire of a man, tall and thin as a lamp post, exceedingly near-sighted, even in his silver-rimmed spectacles that he constantly wore; a meek, gentle, utterly simple-minded man, whose coats and hats were threadbare, a very child in the ways of the world; as these excessively abstruse spirits are apt to be.

Mrs. Macpherson was in all respects his opposite: stout in figure, fine in dress, loud in speech; and keen in the affairs of common life. Good hearted enough at the main, but sadly wanting in refinement, Mrs. Macpherson rarely pleased at first; in short, not to mince the matter, she was undeniably vulgar. Mrs. Macpherson's education had not been equal to her merits; her early associations were not of the silver-fork school. She was a very pretty girl when Caleb Macpherson (not the great man he was now) married her; habit reconciles us to most things, and he had discovered no fault in her yet. That she made him a good wife was certain, and a very capable one.

This was the second visit Professor Macpherson had made to Guild. The first took place about half a dozen years ago, when he had come on a question of "pneumatics." He had then become acquainted with the Reverend Mr. Chester, not himself unlearned in science, and had spent several hours of three separate days at the rectory. James Chester had gone now where science probably avails not; Mrs. Chester had quitted the rectory; and it might have chanced that the acquaintanceship would never have been renewed but for an accidental meeting.

Mrs. Chester was walking quickly into Guild on an errand when she met him. He would have passed her; her style of dress was altered—and for the matter of that he always went (as his wife put it) mooning on, his head in the skies and looking at nobody. But Mrs. Chester stopped him. Except that he looked taller and thinner, and his coat a little more thread-bare than of old, and his spectacles staring out straighter up at the clouds or at the far-off horizon, he was not altered.

"Have you forgotten me, Dr. Macpherson?"

It took the doctor some few minutes to bring himself and his thoughts down to the level of passing life. Mrs. Chester had to tell him who she was, and that she was now alone in the world. He took both her hands in his then, and spoke a few words of genuine sympathy, with the sorrowful look in his kind eyes, and the tone of true pity coming from his ever-open heart.

"You will come and call on me, will you not?" she asked, after telling him where she lived.

"I'll come this evening," he said, "and bring my wife. She's with me this time."

So Mrs. Chester went home and told Lady Ellis of the promised visit. That lady, who had been fit to die of weariness since the departure of Mr. Lake, welcomed it eagerly; on the principle that even an old professor with seventeen letters beyond his name was of the man-species, and consequently better than nobody.

"I don't know his wife," spoke Mrs. Chester. "She is rather exclusive, most likely. The wife of a man who has made so much noise in the world may look down upon us."

Lady Ellis raised her black eyebrows and had a great mind to tell Mrs. Chester to speak for herself; *she* was not accustomed to be looked down upon.

"Does the wife wear a threadbare gown," she asked, having heard the description of the professor's coats.

"Very likely," said Mrs. Chester. "She need not, you know; they are rich."

"Rich, are they?"

"Very rich—now. In early life they had to pinch and screw, and live without a servant. Dr. Macpherson told us about it."

"He is not above confessing it, then?"

"He!" Mrs. Chester laughed. The simple professor being "above" confessing anything of that sort, was a ludicrous idea. She attempted to describe him as he was.

"My dear Lady Ellis, you can have no notion of his simplicity—his utter unworldliness. In all that relates to learning and that sort of thing he is of the very keenest intellect; sharp; but in social life he is just a child. He would respect a woman who had to wash up her dishes herself just as much as he would if she kept ten servants to do it for her. I don't believe he can distinguish any difference."

"Oh!" concluded Lady Ellis, casting a gesture of contempt on the absent and unconscious professor.

Dr. Macpherson meanwhile, immediately after parting with Mrs. Chester, put his hand in his pocket for his case of gradients—or whatever the name might be—and found he had not got it. To go geologis ng or botanizing without it would have been so much waste of time, and he turned back to the "Rose." It was well for the evening visit that he did so; but for telling his wife at once while it was fresh in his head, they had never paid it; for the professor would have forgotten all about it in half an hour.

Mrs. Macpherson sat fanning herself at the window. She was a stout woman, comely, red-faced, and jolly; and the fire was large, throwing out a great heat. Her face and that of her pale thin husband's presented a very contrast. She wore a bright green silk gown, garnished with scarlet, and scarlet bows in her rich lace cap.

"I forgot my case, Betsy," said he, on entering.

"'Twouldn't be you, professor, if you didn't forget some'at," returned she, equably. "For a man who has had his head filled with learning, you be the greatest oaf I know."

Accustomed to these compliments from his wife—meekly receiving them as his due—Dr. Macpherson took up his case, a thick pocket-book apparently, the size of a small milestone. He then mentioned his meeting with Mrs. Chester, and the promised evening visit, which was received favorably.

"It'll be a godsend," said Mrs. Macpherson. "With you over them writings of yours, and me a-nodding asleep, the evenings here is fearful dull. Is the invite for tea and supper?"

Rather a puzzling question. Tea and supper were so little thought of by the professor, that but for his wife he might never have partaken of either; and he had to consider for some moments before he could hit upon any answer.

"I don't think it is, Betsey; I only said I'd call."

"Oh!" returned Mrs. Macpherson, ungraciously, for she liked good cheer—"It'll hardly be worth going for. It's not a party, then?"

The professor supposed not. On these matters of social intercourse his ideas were always misty. He remembered that Mrs. Chester said she had a Lady Ellis visiting her, and mentioned the fact.

Mrs. Macpherson brightened up. "A *Lady* Ellis! Are you sure?"

"Yes; I think I'm sure."

"Well now, Caleb, you look here. We must go properly," said Mrs. Macpherson. "I never was brought into contract with a real live lady in my life; I haven't never had the chance of saying 'your ladyship,' except in sport. We'll have out a chaise and pair, and drive up in it."

Had she proposed to drive up in a chaise and eight, it would have been all one to the professor. Conscious of his own deficiency on the score of sociality (not sociability) and fashion, he had been content this many a year to leave these things to her.

They arrived at Mrs. Chester's about seven. The chaise and pair rattled up to the gate; but as it was dark night, the pomp of the arrival could not be seen from within, and the gilt was taken off the gingerbread. It happened that Mr. Lake had come over that afternoon—a rather frequent occurrence—and Mrs. Chester had asked him to stay and see the strangers. He and Lady Ellis were at their usual game, chess, and Mrs. Chester was at work close by, when the visitors were announced by Nanny, the names having been given her by the lady—

"Professor and Mrs. Macpherson."

He came in first—the long, thin, absorbed, self-denying man, in his threadbare frock-coat. Mrs. Macpherson had left off fighting against these coats long ago. She ordered him in new ones in vain. As soon as one came home, he would put it on unconsciously, utterly unable to distinguish between that and his old one, and go to his work in it: "his chemical tests, and his proofs, and all that rubbish," as she was in the habit of saying. Somehow he had a knack of wearing his coats out incredibly quick, or else the poisons and the fires did it for him. In a week the new one would be as bad as the rest—shabby and threadbare. Mrs. Macpherson grew tired at last. "After all, it don't much matter," was her final conclusion, in pardonable pride. "Good coat or bad coat, he's Professor Macpherson." His scanty dark hair was brushed smoothly across his head, his brown eyes, shining through his spectacles, went kindly out in search of Mrs. Chester, who advanced to receive him.

"My wife, ma'am; Mrs. Macpherson."

Mrs. Macpherson came in—a ship in full sail. She had dressed herself to go into the presence of a real live lady. *She* did not travel without her attire, if he did. The forgetful man was apt to start on a journey with nothing but what he stood up in; she took travelling trunks.

An amber satin gown with white brocade flowers on it, white lace shawl, and small bonnet with nodding bird-of-paradise feather, white gloves, flaxen hair. Lady Ellis simply stared while the introductions were gone through and seats were taken. Mrs. Macpherson was free and unreserved in her conversation with strangers, concealing nothing.

"I was as glad as anything when the professor said we were coming here for a call this evening," she remarked to Mrs. Chester. "Not knowing a soul in the place, it's naturally dull for me; and we shall have to stop a week at it, I b'lieve."

"You were not with Dr. Macpherson last time, when I and my late husband had the pleasure of making his acquaintance," observed Mrs. Chester, surreptitiously regarding the bird-of-paradise.

"Not I," answered Mrs. Macpherson. "If I went about always with him, I *should* have a life of it. What with his geographies, and his botanies, and his astronomies, and his chemistries, and his social sciences, and the meetings he has to attend in all parts of the globe, and the country excursions the societies make in a body, he is not much at home."

"This is only the second visit he has paid to Guild, I think?"

"That's all. It's geology this time; last time it was— Professor, what's the name of the thing you were down here for, last?" broke off Mrs. Macpherson.

"Pneumatics," he answered, looking lovingly at the child, Fanny Chester, and a bit of heath she was showing him.

"Eumatics," repeated Mrs. Macpherson. "Not that I can ever understand what it means. The name's hard enough, let alone the thing itself."

Perhaps the other ladies were in the same blissful ignorance. Mr. Lake checkmated his adversary, left her to put up the men, and went over to the professor.

Before tea came in they were out in the garden peering about by starlight, the remains of an old Roman wall there, that Mr. Lake happened to mention, keenly exciting the interest of the professor. Mrs. Macpherson was invited to take off her things, and she threw the handsome white shawl aside; but having brought no cap, the bird-of-paradise retained its place. This much might be said for her, that though addicted to very gay clothes, they were always rich and good. Mrs. Macpherson would have worn nothing poor or tawdry.

"How fond they are of these miserable bits of things—pieces of an old wall, strata of earth, wild plants, and such rubbish!" exclaimed Lady Ellis, with acrimony, inwardly vexed that Mr. Lake should have gone out a-roving.

"Rubbish it is—your ladyship's right," spoke Mrs. Macpherson. "Leastways, so it seems to us: but when folks have gifted minds, as the professor has, why perhaps they can see beauties in 'em that's hid to us others."

Not very complimentary on the whole; but Lady Ellis did not choose to see it.

"Of course," she said, "your husband is wonderfully clever; he has a world-wide fame. I heard of him in India."

"Clever on one side, a gander on t'other," said Mrs. Macpherson.

"A gander?"

"Well, you'd not say a goose, I suppose. In his sciences and his ologies, and his chemicals and his other learnings, why he's uncommon; there's hardly his equal, the public says. But take him in the useful things of life, your ladyship, and see what he's good for. Law bless me!"

"Nor for much, I suppose," laughed Mrs. Chester.

"I'd be bound that any child of seven would have more sense. But for me helping him to it, he'd never have a meal; no, I don't believe, as I'm an honest woman, that he'd recollect to sit down to one. When he's away from me, he, as I tell him, goes in for trying to live upon air."

"Do you mean that he really tries to see if he can live upon it?"

"Bless you, no. He must know he couldn't. What I mean is, that he neglects his food—either forgets it out and out, or does not find time to sit down to it. And then his clothes! Look at the coat he has got on now."

Neither of the two ladies having particularly noticed the coat, they could not make much answering comment. Mrs. Macpherson, fond of talking, did not wait for any.

"I wonder sometimes what would become of him, and how long he would wear a coat, but for being looked after. Why, till it dropped off his back. I have to put every earthly thing ready for him—even to a pocket-handkercher—and then he can't see them. I used to let him have a chest of drawers to himself, handkerchers in one, gloves and collars in another, shirts in a third, and so on. He'd want, let's say, a necktie. Every individual thing would be taken out of every drawer, rucked over, thrown on the floor, and he in quite a state of agitation. Up I'd go, and show it to him. There it would be, staring him in the face, right under his very eyes."

"And he not seeing it?"

"Never. I soon left off letting him have the control of his own drawers. I give him one now, and lock up the rest, so that he has to call me when he wants things. He'll have his spectacles on his nose and be looking after them; his hand might be touching the ink, and he'd not see it. Ah! One might wonder why such useless mortals were born."

"But the professor is so kind and good," observed Mrs. Chester.

"I didn't say he wasn't; I'm not complaining of him," returned the professor's lady, giving a nod to the bird-of-paradise. "One tells these things as one would tell stories of a child that's not responsible for its actions. His brains are too clever, you know, for ordinary life. Thank ye, ma'am—I like it pretty sweet. There again, in the small matter of sugar: put the cup half full, or put in none at all, and it's all one to the professor; he'd never notice the difference."

"I once knew a very clever but very absent man who went to a wedding in his slippers," said Lady Ellis, leaning back in her arm chair and speaking languidly for the benefit of the lady opposite. "He had forgotten to put his boots on."

"That's nothing; your ladyship should live for a month with Professor Macpherson. I've quaked in fear before now of seeing him go out without——worse things than boots."

Mrs. Chester laughed; and what further revelations might have been made were put an end to by the entrance of the professor himself and Mr. Lake. They came in talking eagerly, not of the Roman wall, but of the late fatal railway accident. Mr. Lake was giving him the details, and especially those relating to the conflicting nature of the evidence. As soon as Dr. Macpherson had mastered the particulars, he gave it as his opinion that it must be a case of color-blindness."

"Of color-blindness?" echoed Mr. Lake.

"Rely upon it, it is a case of color-blindness on one side or the other," continued the professor, who was now showing himself in his element, the keen man of science, the sensible, sound-judging reasoner. And so well did he proceed to argue the matter, so aptly and clearly did he lay the case before them, that Mr. Lake was half converted; and it was decided that the theory should be followed up.

On the next day the professor was brought into contact with Colonel West and Oliver Jupp, Mr. Lake having arranged a meeting at his own house. One or two friends were also present. The subject was entered upon, and the professor's opinion given. Oliver Jupp believed he might be right; the colonel was simply astonished at the assertion.

"Not know colors!" cried he. "Not able to tell white from black! Why, what have our eyes been about all our lives, Mr. Professor? My sight is keen and clear; I can answer for that; and I've not heard that there's anything amiss with Mr. Oliver Jupp's."

"It has nothing whatever to do with a keen sight—in the way you are thinking of," returned Dr. Macpherson. "Nay, it frequently happens that those who are afflicted with color-blindness possess a remarkably good and clear sight. The defect is not in the vision: it lies in the absence of the organ of color."

"That's logic," laughed the colonel, who had never heard of such a theory, and did not believe many others had.

"Look here," said the professor, endeavoring to put the case in an understandable light. "You will allow that men are differently endowed. One man will have the gift of calculation in an eminent degree; he will go through a whole ledger swimmingly, while his friend by his side is laboring at a single column of it: another will possess the organ of music so largely that he will probably make you a second Mozart; but his own brother can't tell one tune from an other, and could not learn to play if his very life depended on it: this man will draw you, untaught, plans and buildings of wondrous and beautiful design; that one, who has served his stupid apprenticeship to the art, cannot accomplish a pig-sty, fit for a civilized pig to live in—and so I might go on illustrating examples all. Am I right or wrong?" he concluded, turning his spectacles full on his attentive listeners.

"Right," they all said, including Colonel West.

"Very well," resumed the professor. "Then I would ask you, gentlemen, why should color be an exception? I mean the capability of perceiving it; the faculty of distinguishing one shade from another?"

There was no immediate answer. The professor went on.

"This brain is totally deficient in the organ of tune; that one is deficient in some other faculty; a third in something else; why should not the organ of color sometimes fail?"

"I thought everybody possessed the organ of color," observed Mr. Lake.

"The greater portion of people do possess it; but there are many who do not."

Colonel West, unconvinced, was rather amused than otherwise.

"And you think, sir, that I and Mr. Oliver Jupp do not possess it," he said, laughing.

"Pardon me," replied the professor, laughing also, "I never said you both did not. Had that been the case, you probably would not have been in opposition to each other. But I have been using my own eyes since we stood here, and I see which of you has the defect. One of you possesses the organ of color (as we call it) in a full degree; the other does not possess it at all. It lies here."

Dr. Macpherson raised his fingers to his eyebrow, and pointed out a spot near its middle. The colonel and Oliver Jupp immediately passed their fingers over their eyebrows, somewhat after the manner of a curious child. Oliver's eyebrows were prominent; the colonel's remarkably flat.

"You can testify by experiment whether I am right or wrong, Colonel West; but I give it as my opinion that you are not able to distinguish colors."

For some moments the colonel could not find his tongue.

"I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" cried he. "Do you mean to say that I can see the blue sky" (turning his face upwards,) "and not know it's blue?"

"You know it is blue, and call it blue, because you have heard it so called all your life," returned the undaunted professor. "But, if half the sky were blue and half green, you would not be able to say which was the green half and which the blue."

"That caps everything," retorted the colonel, in high good-humor. "It's a pity my wife can't hear this; she'd shake hands with you at once. She has, you must know, a couple of garden parasols: one green, the other blue. If she sends me indoors for the green, she says I bring her the blue; and if for the blue, I bring the green. She sets it down to inattention, and lectures me accordingly."

"You could not have given us a better confirmation that my opinion is correct," said Professor Macpherson, glancing at the group around. "Your wife has set this down to inattention, you say, colonel. May I ask what you have set it down to?"

"I? Not to anything. I never troubled myself to think about it."

The learned gentleman rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"What you acknowledge is so true to nature, colonel! Those who, like you, are affected with color-blindness, can rarely be brought to believe in their own defect. It is a fact that the greater portion of them *are not conscious of it;* they really don't know that they cannot distinguish colors. Some few have perhaps a dim idea that they are are not so quick in that particular as others, but they never think of questioning the cause. To use your own expression, it does not trouble them. I understand you maintain that on the night of the accident the usual light was up—green?"

"Yes," said the colonel. "They exhibit the green light always at Coombe Dalton station, to enforce caution, on account of the nasty turning just after passing it. I maintain, as you say, that the customary green light was shown that night."

"Now I will tell you how to account for that belief," said the professor. "It was not so much that you could be sure the *green* light was up, as that you could not distinguish any difference between the one you saw, and the one you were accustomed to see. You could not discern the difference I say, and therefore you maintain it to be, as you believed, the same one—the green."

"This seems plausible enough, as you state it," acknowledged Colonel West, at length. "But pray why should it not be my young friend, Jupp, who was mistaken—and not I?"

The professor shook his head. "I am quite sure that this gentleman"—indicating Oliver Jupp—"can never be mistaken in colors or in their shades, so long as he retains his eyesight to see anything: he has the organ very largely developed. I am right, colonel," he added, nodding.

"But what do you say to Cooper, the driver!" returned the colonel. "He says the light was green: and everybody agrees that he would only assert what was true."

"What he thought was true," corrected Dr. Macpherson. "There is little doubt, in my mind, that Cooper's case will turn out to be like your own—a fact of color-blindness. He could not distinguish the difference in the light from the ordinary light, and therefore believed it to be the same."

"*Both* of us blind!" exclaimed the colonel, with wide-open eyes. "That would be too good, Mr. Professor."

"I said only color-blind," corrected the professor. "There is not the least doubt that it will turn out to be so."

And he carried the opinions of nearly all present with him. It seemed, indeed, to be the only feasible solution of the difficulty; and so the gentlemen said to each other as they dispersed.

"I promised to take you in to see my wife," whispered Mr. Lake to the man of science, arresting him as he was departing.

Clara was sitting in an easy-chair, a shawl on her shoulders; but she looked up brightly when the professor entered. If the old feeling of secure happiness had not come back again, a portion of it had; and she said to everybody that she was get getting well. Mary Jupp was with her. They had felt half scared at the thought of encountering familiarly so renowned a man. He turned out to be a very shy and simple one—in manners, at least; and Miss Jupp, in the revulsion of relieved feeling, nearly talked him deaf.

"She's a pretty thing, that young man's wife," observed the professor to Mrs. Macpherson, when he had got back to Guild. "But I'd not like to take an insurance on her life."

"I never knew you had turned doctor, professor."

"It does not require a doctor's eye to see when a blossom's delicate, Betsy. And those delicate blossoms want a vast deal of care."

The strange opinion avowed by Dr. Macpherson, that the matter which had been puzzling the world so long, would turn out to be a case of color-blindness, excited the wonder of the simple country people. In these rural districts men are content to live without science, and cannot well understand it when it is brought home to them. This opinion, nevertheless, coming from so great an authority, obtained weight with all, causing some commotion; and it was resolved to test the sight of the unfortunate driver, Cooper. Colonel West proposed, half jokingly, half seriously, that his own eyes should also be tested. It would set the matter at rest in his mind, he said. Mrs. West devoutly wished she could be present, and see the solution of what had been hitherto inexplicable. "I'd used to tell that husband of mine he couldn't see colors," she exclaimed to a select audience, "but I didn't really suppose it was so; I thought he was careless and stupid."

On the evening fixed for the test, those concerned in it assembled at the station of Coombe Dalton. Matthew Cooper came from Katterley in obedience to the summons sent for him. Colonel West, Mr. Lake, Oliver Jupp, the coroner, and some of the jury were present: and others also with whom we have had nothing to do.

The instant that Professor Macpherson cast his eyes on Cooper's face, he found his anticipation verified. The man labored under the defect of color-blindness, in even a greater degree than Colonel West.

They proceeded to the trial. Lamps of various colors were in readiness, and the Professor was constituted master of the ceremonies. He commenced his task by running up a light to the signal-post. Colonel West and Cooper stood a little forward; the coroner and other interested people, official and otherwise, behind; the mob behind them; all at a convenient distance from the lights.

"What light is that?" asked Dr. Macpherson of the two who were on trial, amidst breathless silence.

A momentary pause. Colonel West and Cooper turned their eyes up to the raised lamp; the crowd turned theirs.

"It's green," said the colonel.

"It's red," said Cooper.

And there rose a general laugh. For the lamp was blue.

Two lamps were next turned up.

"What are they?" was the demand.

A dead silence ensued. *Neither Cooper nor the colonel could tell.*

"I ask what are the colors of these two lamps?" repeated the professor.

"I think they are green and white," hazarded Cooper at length.

"And I say they are red and blue," cried the colonel.

They were white and blue.

Then the four lamps were exhibited, green, red, white, and blue, and the mistakes made by both essayists kept the platform in a roar. The colonel did tell which was the white—but it was probably more of a guess than a certainty. They could distinguish a "difference," they said, between two or more colors when exhibited at once, but were unable to state what that difference was. Both of them were honestly anxious that the test should be fully carried out, and answered to the utmost of their ability. Various colors were exhibited, sometimes two of nearly the same shade; it all came to the same. Long before the experiment came to an end, the fact had been fully established that both Colonel West and Matthew Cooper labored under the defect of color-blindness.

"Cooper," said Oliver Jupp, in a good-natured tone, "they must never make an engine-driver of you again."

"Well, I don't know, sir," returned Cooper, who seemed very chapfallen, "if it's true what this strange gentleman says, why—I suppose it is true. But I hope they'll make something else of me; I know I am keen enough at most things. If a man is deficient in one line, he may be all the quicker in another."

"Now you have given utterance to a truism, without perhaps knowing it," interposed the professor, cheerily. "Be assured that where a defect does exist, it is amply made up for by the largeness of some other gift. Never fear that an intelligent man, like you, will want employment, because you are found not suited to the one they placed you on."

"About the worst they could have given him, as it turns out," remarked Oliver Jupp, as he stood aside with the professor out of the hearing of others. "An engine-driver ought, of all men, to be able to distinguish colors."

"There are some of our engine-drivers who do not, though," was the reply, as the professor cautiously lowered his voice.—"Several of our worst accidents have occurred from this very fact."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it. It is a more frequent defect than would be thought, this absence of the organ of color, but it is one to which little attention has been hitherto given; a subject that with some excites ridicule. A company engaging an engine-driver would as soon think of testing his capacity for eating a good dinner, as that of being able to distinguish signal lights. Most essentially necessary is it, though, that drivers, present or future, should undergo the examination."

"It seems so to me," said Oliver. "And always will seem so—after this night's experiment."

"And until such examination is made general, I should change the form of the signal lamps," remarked Dr. Macpherson. "Let the safety signal be of one uniform shape, and small; let the red, or danger signal, be of as different a shape as can be made, and large; so different that it could never fail to catch the eye. For, look you, a head, deficient in the organ of color, will usually have that of form very much developed; and if a driver could not see the light, he might the form: and so save his train."

"Quite right," said Oliver.

"In many of the railway calamities we read of, you find that a difference of testimony exists as to the color of the signal exhibited. One side or the other is supposed to swear falsely; just as it has been in this case. But for the testimony of Colonel West, the jury would have returned a verdict against Cooper at once, and convicted him of falsehood. But rely upon it, the cause, generally speaking, of these conflicting and painful cases lies not in false swearing, but in color-blindness."

So concluded the professor. And so was concluded the long-adjourned puzzle that had set Coombe Dalton together by the ears. Once more the inquest was called for the last time; and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." In the face of the proved defect in Cooper's capacity for distinguishing the different signals, how could they with justice punish him? He was sent forth, a free man so far, but discharged from his employment to begin the world again.

Now, my friendly readers, the above is a bit of honest truth; a fact from the past. It may be that you will not believe it; may feel inclined to cavil at it. But search cases out and mark for yourselves. Blindness to color is a far more common defect than the world suspects; it has existed—and does exist—in some of the railway-engine guards and drivers. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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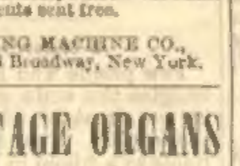

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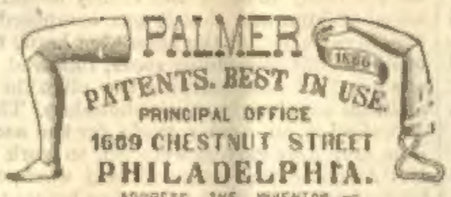
DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je15-1y



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB C'S

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.

JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

An ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
feb6-1y

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."—1000 of the splendid engraving, "PAST AND FUTURE," given away every week. A $3 Engraving and a splendid 40 column Ledger size paper a *whole* year for only 75 cents. *Money refunded* to all not satisfied. Engraving sent on roller, with first number of paper. NOW IS THE TIME. A whole years' paper and splendid Engraving only 75 cents. Specimens, &c., for 6 cents. Address STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H. mar13-3t

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, jan7-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 50 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. jan2-3m

MAMMOTH ONE DOLLAR SALE.

Every Article at the Uniform Price of One Dollar.

Don't fail to send for a circular to BELCHER, JAMES & CO.'S MAMMOTH ONE DOLLAR SALE!—the largest and most extensive Dollar Sale house in the world! We want agents, (male and female,) in every town, county and State, to whom we offer unparalleled inducements for forming clubs, (our presents varying in value from one to one thousand dollars.) Our exchange list embraces every variety of Dry Goods, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, Silver-Plated and Glass Ware, Musical Instruments, &c., &c., of a quality which no other house can possibly compete with, and includes an extensive variety of useful goods which cannot be procured in any other way *at any price.*

We have now removed our entire business to our new building **17** and **19 Batterymarch St.,** where our extraordinary facilities for storing, packing and shipping goods will enable us hereafter to fill and ship all orders on the day of their receipt. Circulars *free* to any address.

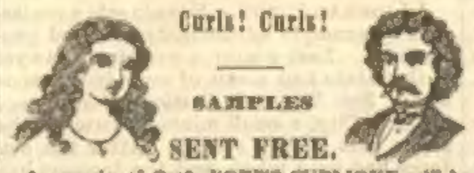
BELCHER, JAMES & CO.,
17 and 19 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.
Post Office Box, 241. mar6-4t

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.; BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical sewing machine manufactured.

WANTED — AGENTS — To Sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE.
Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal inducements to Agents. Address, AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

"THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING ON EARTH!"—A game that can be played by any number of persons; is susceptible of 50,000 changes; endless transformations of wit and humor; producing roars of laughter. Just the thing for old folks and young folks, evening parties, and dull days. A sure cure for home-sickness and the blues. Sent, post-paid, per return mail, on receipt of 50 cents; three for $1. Address *Wallkill Valley Times*, Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y. jan16-tf



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. jan2-3m

THE MODEL PARLOR MAGAZINE OF AMERICA.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY—Presenting the Artistic, the Entertaining, the Useful, and the Beautiful, by the best authors. To include original Stories, Poems, Music, Architecture, with other useful and entertaining novelties, and the only reliable Fashions, full-sized Patterns, &c., &c., all elegantly illustrated, and got up in the most elegant manner. Single, 25 cts.; Yearly, $3.00, with a choice of numerous and valuable premiums for each subscriber. Splendid Premiums for Clubs. Specimen Copies, with Circulars, mailed free on receipt of 15 cts. 838 Broadway, N. Y.

"HUNTING AND TRAPPING."—AN Old Trapper writes:—"I have already, by the use of your book, caught more game in one month than I usually caught in the whole season." Every man, boy, hunter and trapper should have it. 15,000 already sold of the HUNTER'S GUIDE, Revised and Enlarged. New Secrets added. The Sixteenth edition of 5,000 copies NOW READY. Twenty New Tanning Secrets added (3 cost $5 each.) *The Hunter's Guide and Trapper's Companion* tells how to hunt and trap ALL animals from a mink to a bear; to make traps, boats, &c. How to tan and dress all hides, &c., &c.; to color furs and skins. New Secrets just added. The secret recipes in this book would cost $50 anywhere else. Tells how to hunt, fish; has hunting narratives, &c. A NEW BOOK, well printed and bound, 64 pp. Price (not $1,) but only 25 cents; 6 for $1. Mailed free. Sold by all dealers. All wholesale newsdealers sell it. *Send for one.* Worth $10 to any farmer, hunter, or boy. Only a "*quarter.*" Address HUNTER & Co., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

MME. DEMOREST'S EMPORUM OF FASHIONS.

838 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Plain and Elegantly Trimmed Patterns of *every* new and desirable article for ladies' and children's Dress Patterns mailed free on receipt of price.

Branches appointed in all cities of the Union and Canada. Send for circular. Mme. Demorest's splendid Spring and Summer Bulletin Plate of Fashions with ten full size Patterns. Price $2.50. Now ready.

"HUNTER'S GUIDE" AND TRAPPER'S COMPANION. New Edition, Revised, Enlarged.—20 *New Recipes added.* All about Hunting, Trapping and Fishing, Tanning and Coloring Hides and Furs. 10,000 sold in 12 weeks. Beware of imitations. A neat book, 64 pp. only 25 cents; 6 for $1, post-paid. Address
HUNTER & CO., Publishers,
mar13-3t Hinsdale, N. H.

EARLY ROSE POTATO.

ONE lb. EARLY ROSE sent by mail, post-paid, $1. 4 lbs. EARLY ROSE, sent by mail, post-paid, $3.00. Best Spring Wheat in the world; the earliest and most productive Corn; wonderful yielding Oats; white and black; weighing 45 pounds to the bushel; Spring Barley; Grass Seeds; Fowls; Eggs; Hogs; the great Feed Cutter. Send for the EXPERIMENTAL FARM JOURNAL—*most valuable magazine issued in this country*—only $1.50 per year. Subscribe if you want to make your farm pay. Address GEO. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.

WE want a responsible resident agent in every large town to sell G. P. ROWELL & CO.'S new

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.

JUST ISSUED.

It gives the names of all Newspapers, their *Politics*, or distinctive character, *Circulation*, and much other information. Also, forms a complete gazetteer of all towns and counties in which Newspapers are published. A handsome octavo volume of 400 pages, bound in black cloth.

PRICE FIVE DOLLARS.

Largest commissions paid canvassers. From 10 to 100 copies can be disposed of in every large town. Every thorough business man, advertiser, literary man and publisher will want a copy. These men form a small part of the community and buy quick. **A town can be canvassed in one day.** Send for terms and prospectus. Address NELSON CHESMAN, Publishers' Agent, 40 Park Row, N. Y.

THE Tanite Emery Wheel Cuts fast, does not glaze, gum, heat or smell, and is cheap. For circulars, address THE TANITE CO., Stroudsburg, Pa.

EMPLOYMENT *that pays.* For particulars, address S. M. SPENCER & CO., Brattleboro, Vt.

$3000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—I am now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at their homes, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Fifty cents to $5 per evening, is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole time to the business; and, that every person who sees this notice, may send me their address and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me. Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cts. Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Me.

100 YARDS OF SHEETING

For a club of **100** in our great

ONE DOLLAR SALE,

If all returned. A little extra exertion secures it. Send for circulars with new commission rates, before sending your clubs elsewhere. One trial will convince you that our terms to agents are not excelled, and the quality of our goods unequalled by any other house in our line of business.

S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
136 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS.—Every lady should have them. For sale at variety stores. Made only by E. IVINS, 1301 Marshall St., Philadelphia.

CUSHMAN & CO.

ONE DOLLAR STORE

Still in the field **ahead of everybody.** They are having new consignments every day, which they sell at manufacturers' prices. *Send in your clubs from all quarters.* Agents wanted in every town in the country. CUSHMAN & CO., Box D, Boston, Ms.

AT LAST

It is acknowledged that the One Dollar Sale business of HARRINGTON & CO., Boston, is the most extensive and reliable in the country. Their policy is

LIBERALITY TO THE CUSTOMER,

and the *largest possible value* for One Dollar, and this plan is fast placing them ahead of their competitors. *Send for free Circular.* HARRINGTON & CO., 80 Summer St., Boston. Box 384.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents,

No. 40 Park Row, N. Y.

WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY.

The firm, whose letter we print below, gave us in 1867 what was then the largest contract we had ever received for our "*Lists of 100 Local Newspapers.*" The fact that they this year renew the order and increase the amount, is the best argument we can give that these "*Lists*" are good advertising mediums.

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Axes, Shovels, Saws, &c.,

No. 116 Water Street,
PITTSBURG, PA., Dec. 3, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.:

Gentlemen:—One year ago with much hesitation we gave you an advertisement for one of your Lists of One Hundred local papers; a very short time thereafter we unhesitatingly added two more Lists of One Hundred papers.

But a short time elapsed before we were inquired of on every side for "Colburn's Patent Red Jacket Ax," proving to us that your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whom we wanted to introduce the new patent Ax.

The year having now nearly gone by, we cannot but believe your system of advertising by "Lists of Local Papers," is just the kind of advertising we want, and we to-day forward you an order still adding one more List of One Hundred papers, making the number now altogether four (4) Lists of One Hundred (100) local papers.

The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors' agents the more satisfied we are that the arrangement we have made with you is preferable to any we have ever heard of. The merit of the Ax itself has, of course, something to do with the great demand for it, but we are satisfied that by your system of advertising by "Lists" we have accomplished in one year what would have ordinarily taken us five years to accomplish. Respectfully,

LIPPINCOTT & BAKEWELL.

The National Publishing Company of Philadelphia, have been among the largest advertisers in our "*Lists of Local Country Newspapers.*" Their bills for these alone amount to not less than $20,000. The testimony of their letter may be taken as an answer to those who inquire if these "*Lists*" can really be good advertising mediums.

OFFICE OF THE
NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
No. 26 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET,
J. R. JONES, *President.*
PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., 40 Park Row, N. Y.:

Gentlemen:—It is more than three years since we began advertising in your "Lists of One Hundred Papers" each, and in that time have given "The List System," as originated by you, a thorough trial, and we can now say it is the **cheapest** and **best** general advertising medium we have any knowledge of.

We have tried every possible mode of advertising, having dealt with the press direct, and through nearly every advertising agency in the country, and have no hesitation in saying that your Lists have paid us 50 per cent. better than any other way.

Respectfully,
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.

We believe there has never been an advertising contract given out in New York city for which the competition was so great as for the one which was awarded us in September last by P. H. Drake & Co. They had also made application to the publishers direct in all cases. Their letter states the result:

OFFICE OF P. H. DRAKE & Co.,
NEW YORK, Sept. 18, 1868.

Messrs. GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., 40 Park Row, N. Y.:

Gents:—Having compared your figures with those furnished us by other advertising agencies and with the terms obtained from publishers direct, for the insertion of advertisements of Plantation Bitters and Magnolia Water, we find them satisfactory, and accept your contract as given in letter of this date.

Oblige us by causing the advertisements to appear without unnecessary delay. Your bills for the amount, **$43,770 26, (Forty-three Thousand, Seven Hundred and Seventy-six Dollars and Twenty-six Cents,)** will be paid in accordance with the terms proposed.

Yours, very respectfully,
P. H. DRAKE & CO.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.,
ADVERTISING AGENTS,
40 Park Row, New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MEMORIES.

Forget you, Angelina? Well you know
How mournfully I *do* and *must* remember
The daily agony of years ago
From January dark to drear December.
My tender breast is not a house to let—
The torn heart bleeds but never can forget.

I recollect the solitary strolls
That in the summer eves we took together,
Lost in the sweet expansion of our souls,
And utterly regardless of the weather;
In fact, we often got extremely wet—
The torn heart bleeds but never can forget.

It was for *you* (and you alone) I dined
So often with your father and your mother;
And spent much time in making up my mind
Which of the twain was coarser than the other.
I thought your family a vulgar set—
The torn heart bleeds but never can forget.

I loved you, darling, and a love more true
Ne'er earned the motto of *fidelis semper;*
Although in something like a week or two
I found you had a mischief of a temper.
The slightest thing would put you in a pet—
The torn heart bleeds but never can forget.

Two rings—a watch—a bracelet—and a shawl—
A lot of books and many other trifles;
You took my little presents one and all,
Then jilted me for Fielding of the Rifles.
You ran me very deeply into debt.
The torn heart bleeds but never can forget.

A Mathematical Joke.

A Yale student writes to the College Current:—

"Once I had my revenge on mathematics, not on abstract mathematics, but on mathematics concrete and impersonate. The creature was a calculus man (a kind of suicide,) and had taken prizes. I hated him. I was standing in front of the excellent book and stationery emporium of Messrs. Brown & Gross, in the flourishing town of Hartford, thirty-six miles north, when I saw the wretch coming down Asylum Street, from the depot. It had a carpet-bag in its dexter grip, and was evidently just from Academus. My eye rested on policeman X., who was sunning his manly form on the adjacent corner. I beckoned to him. He came with stately tread.

"'X., my boy,' said I, pointing to the approaching Archimedes, 'do you see that chap with the carpet-bag?'—itself a suspicious circumstance.

"'Yes,' says X.

"'He's a suspicious character.'

"'Confidence cove!' asks X., surveying him with a practical eye.

"'No,' said I. 'The inference does credit to your sagacity, but he's worse than a confidence man.' Here I approached my mouth to X.'s ear, and whispered, impressively, 'He took a mathematical prize last summer in New Haven. I'll swear to it.'

"A look of puzzled horror slowly overspread X.'s somewhat immobile countenance.

"'Where did he take it from?' he inquired, hastily.

"'Off a hall table. He was nabbed coming out with it.'

"By this time my unconscious victim had arrived opposite. I saw a look of stern determination, mingled with sly acuteness, steal into X.'s face, and grasping his billy he stalked suddenly across the street, and tapped my mathematician on the shoulder. I vanished at once into Brown & Gross's, and began turning over some plates of Dore's on the counter. After some little conversation I saw my prey walk off, looking red and indignant, while Dogberry solemnly recrossed the street, wearing an expression of quiet satisfaction as for duty well performed.

"'Well?' said I, reappearing.

"'He's a sly one, Guvnor,' said X., 'but he can't gum the Hetford boys. He may come it over them New Haven policemen. Them Kind's mostly Paddies; but he can't gum me, by golly!'

"'What did you say to him?' I asked.

"'Says I, "Look a'here, my covey, you're known here, you ar. You will take the next train South if you know what's healthy for you." "What in thunder do you mean?" says he. "How about that little makematical prize that you took in New Haven, last summer?" says I; and here I tipped him a wink kinder knowing. I guess that astonished him some; he just looked sick, you bet. So I nodded my head at him, and says I, "You'd better be keerful now, my covey, for Number X. has got his eye on you, and he's up to a dodge or two, if you be from New Haven," and with that I come across the street, and I guess he won't play any of his prize tricks in Hetford. Much obliged to you, sir, for putting me up to him. Good-morniu'.'"

A Bachelor's Defence.

Who is petted to death with marriageable daughters?—The bachelor.

Who is invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient?—The bachelor.

Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that could not entrap him?—The bachelor.

Who goes to bed early because time drags heavily with him?—The married man.

Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning?—The married man.

Who has wood to split and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after?—The married man.

Who is taken up for whipping his wife?—The married man.

Who gets divorces?—The married man.

☞ "John, lend me your knife," said Bill. "I shan't do it," growled John; "I han't got any knife; besides, I want to use it myself." This was equalled recently by the excuses of a grocer for not treating a caller to some cider. "Unfortunately," said the sly fellow, "my clerk has carried off the key of the closet." "Never mind," remarked the visitor; "one of my keys will open it." "No it won't," snapped the grocer, "for the confounded clerk carried off the closet, too!" He saved his cider.

"MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN."

MAMMA (alarmed).—"What is it, my darling?"

PET.—"Ya—ah, boo—ooh—ah!"

MAMMA.—"What's the matter then? Come and tell its own—"

PET.—"Ba—h—oo—h—nurse did—wash me once—an'—says—she didn't—an'—she's been—an' gone an' washed me over again!"

Father Taylor.

Zion's Herald, in giving a sketch of the life and labors of "Father Taylor," who for many years was pastor of the Bethel Church in Boston, gives the following witty sayings of his. When a youth, just converted and going to a class-meeting in a distant part of the city, on a stormy night, the members asked how he got there.

"On my mother's colt," was the answer.

After a long and eloquent exhortation from a brother who had evidently thought more of display than of anything else, Father Taylor clasped his hands, and remarked:—"Now let some other brother speak that has something to say."

In a prayer for President Lincoln, made by Father Taylor when Governor Brownlow preached for him:—

"O Lord, bless our Abraham—like the old Abraham, the friend of God. Save him from those wiggling, piercing, corrupting, political keel-worms. Don't let them get through the sheathing of his integrity. The wicked shall be turned into hell. God said that. How many petty, piping pettifoggers of Satan will you set against His word? Voltaire, (looking downward) what do you think about it *now?*"

"Father Taylor, is your son-in-law a Christian?" said a strait-laced minister at camp-meeting. "Well, Thomas isn't exactly a saint, but he is a very sweet sinner."

"Ralph Waldo Emerson is as sweet a soul as God ever made; but he knows no more of theology than Balaam's ass did of Hebrew grammar."

Two boating accidents occurred in Boston harbor, in each of which some ladies were drowned, while the men were saved. After praying for the afflicted families, Father Taylor added: "But if there must be more of these sad dispensations, then for manhood's sake and for our honor's sake let *some of the men* be drowned."

Mr. C., a wealthy merchant, visited the Bethel during a warm prayer-meeting and addressed the audience at length, telling of the interest which the wealthy men of Boston felt in sailors, of the gratitude which sailors ought to feel for the merchant, etc., etc. When he sat down, Father Taylor inquired: "Is there any other old sinner from up town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

A LIBERAL JUDGE.—Nevada sets a praiseworthy example of liberality in legal proceedings. Last winter a prominent lawyer of that state had a suit of some importance before Bob Wagstaff, Justice of the Peace in Scrub City, a small mining district in the upper part of the county. After the evidence had been taken, and the lawyers had finished their talkee-talkee, the counsel for the plaintiff arose and asked the justice if he would not charge the jury. "Oh no, I guess not," replied his honor; "I never charge 'em anything; they don't git much any how, and I let 'em have all they make!"

REBUKE.

The world is old and the world is cold,
And never a day is fair, I said.
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled above my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again,
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
Out of the darkness sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain:

Rippled the song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream of the budding wood,
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries peep.

The world is false though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure, I said.
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lisp of a childish prayer.

—*Overland Monthly.*

An Expensive Breakfast.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion about one of Cleopatra's breakfasts. It was the most costly breakfast that has ever been served to a single human being. I will, therefore, tell what I know about it. After having partaken of Cleopatra's necklace, Mark Antony determined to devise the costliest breakfast ever given. After several days of gastronomical meditations, not having found what he was looking for, he summoned his cook to his presence, and told him that, if he could get up a dainty breakfast for a lady, which should be composed of as few and as small dishes as possible, and, at the same time, be most costly, he would reward him accordingly.

Several weeks afterward, the cook entered Mark Antony's study, and told him that he was ready to serve the dainty breakfast asked of him, and that it was composed of one olive only. At the appointed hour, the cook entered the dining room, followed by one hundred men carrying the olive (in its artificial envelope) on their shoulders. They deposited it on a table made for the occasion, and fifty carvers were set to work on it. After several hours of hard work, the triumphant cook placed the olive before the Egyptian Queen, who looked at it with amazement, still with perfect delight.

The olive had been prepared in the following way: After having been stoned, it was stuffed with a rich custard, then put inside of a boned canary, which was used to stuff an ortolan. The latter was placed inside of a boned oriole, which was used to stuff a thrush, which thrush stuffed a boned lark. A boned snipe was stuffed with the lark and placed inside of a robin, which was used to stuff a plover, and which latter bird filled a quail, which was then placed inside of a pigeon. The pigeon filled a woodcock, the woodcock a partridge, the latter a grouse, the grouse a pheasant, the pheasant a chicken, the chicken a guinea fowl, which was placed inside of a goose; the goose filled a turkey, the turkey a swan, the latter an ostrich, which was used to stuff a sheep, the sheep a calf, the calf an antelope, the latter a pig, the pig a deer, the deer a bear, the bear a heifer, the latter an elk, the elk an ox, the ox a hippopotamus, the latter an elephant. The olive was then roasted in its envelope, which envelope was thrown away and the olive only was served.—*Pierre Blot, in March Galaxy.*

Curious Facts about Water.

The extent to which water mingles with bodies, apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of our highest mountains have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue, which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent. and the other ninety per cent. of water.

If a man weighing one hundred and forty pounds were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seventy pounds of water would run out, the balance being solid matter. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and other elements, with nitrogen diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales, in one hundred and seventy-five days, about one hundred thousand grains of water.

The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap various properties may be accumulated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors mixed with water, and sprinkled over the roots of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

☞ Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, impious; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They are inexcusable. They gratify no sense, while they outrage taste and dignity.

☞ A Western paper having announced the "shooting of a wild-cat by a little boy five feet eight inches long," an exchange queries "what do they call big boys there?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Blooded Horses.

In an article in the Galaxy Charles Wyllys Elliott discourses very entertainingly on horses. He recommends the raising and using of really valuable blooded horses, even for the commonest purposes, instead of the ordinary, low-priced horses with which most people have contented themselves hitherto. He claims that the thoroughbred horses of modern times can be safely counted upon to last until they are nearly or quite twenty years old, and that a horse which will hold out till twenty is probably worth ten times as much as one that is spent at twelve. There has been of late years a wonderful increase in and development of equine endurance, strength and speed. This improvement is mostly owing to the increased care taken in breeding and training. It is grand to hear of some old horse patriarch, whose influence is felt all through the race. Such was Messenger, old, imported gray Messenger, whose English sire was Mambrino. Everywhere the influence of the old gray is felt. He was the father of about a thousand colts in this country. These colts carried his wonderful constitution and trotting power through Hambletonian into Vermont; through Bush Messenger into Maine; through Abdallah, Mambrino and others into New York state and Kentucky. The speed of horse flesh has now reached a single mile in 2m. 17 1-4s., and twenty miles within the hour. What more can be done no man can tell. By "blood," technically speaking, is meant that of the Barbary, or race horse; and this combined with the bone and muscle of the common mare has so far produced the best road horses. England has produced or perfected the race horse, America the road horse. England, by great care, great skill, and vast expenditure of money, has perfected the race horse; wonderfully fine and altogether useless. America, by great care, great skill, and a considerable expenditure of money, has produced the trotter; altogether valuable—that is the difference.

The Way to Blanket Horses.

But few persons comparatively understand how to apply a blanket to a horse to prevent him from contracting a cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double and laid across the rump and a part of the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body which need protection entirely exposed to the cold. Those parts of the body of a horse which surround the lungs require the benefit of a blanket in preference to his flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from contracting cold, we shield our shoulders, neck, chest and back. If these parts be protected, the lower part of the body will endure a degree of cold far more intense, without any injury to the body, than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds good in the protection of horses. The blanket should cover the neck, withers and shoulders, and brought around the breast and buttoned or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat when about to face a driving storm. Let the lungs of a horse be kept well protected with a heavy blanket, and he will seldom contract a cold, even if the hindmost parts of his body are not covered.

Many of our best teamsters protect the breasts of their horses by a piece of cloth about two feet square, hanging down from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the most important part of the animal is constantly sheltered from the cold wind, especially when travelling toward a strong current. The forward end of horse blankets should be made to fit as closely around the breast of a horse as our garments fit our bodies. Most horses take cold as readily as men, if not blanketed while standing after exercising sufficiently to produce perspiration. So long as a horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering from cold; but allow him to stand for a few minutes without a blanket to protect his shoulders and lungs, and he will take cold sooner than some men.

A Western Cornfield.

Few people who have not been there can imagine the scale on which grain is grown in our great prairie West—"the Egypt of the world." A gentleman writing from Illinois to a friend in Boston, says:—

"While out hunting, two weeks ago, I was in some cornfields which belonged to a man named Sullivan. He probably owns more land than any farmer in the state. He is the proprietor of nine townships, each six miles square. This year he has twenty-five thousand acres of corn. This seems like a big story, but it is nevertheless true. It was just the easiest thing in the world to get lost in his cornfields. I strayed into one field and walked *four and a half miles* before I came to the end of the row of corn which I followed."

A TRICK OF SEED DEALERS.—The Royal Horticultural Society of England has discovered that dealers in seed, in order to be able to sell at low prices, are in the habit of roasting the seed of worthless kinds sufficiently to kill the germs, and then mix it with that of the high-priced variety. Of course the latter is the only one that grows, and the farmer cannot be certain of the fraud if his crop is ever so light.

RECEIPTS.

EFFICACY OF ONIONS.—A writer says:—"We are troubled often with severe coughs, the result of colds of long standing, which may turn to consumption or premature death. Hard coughs cause sleepless nights by constant irritation of the throat, and a strong effort to throw off offensive matter from the lungs. The remedy proposed has often been tried, and is simply to take into the stomach, before retiring for the night, a piece of raw onion after chewing. This esculent in an uncooked state is very healing, and collects the water from the lungs and throat, causing immediate relief to the patient."

It is also said that a poultice of onions applied morning, noon and night, for three or four days, will cure a felon. No matter how bad the case, lancing the finger will be unnecessary if the poultice is applied. The remedy is said to be a sure, safe and speedy one.

BREAD SAUCE.—Boil a good onion, if the flavor be liked, a few whole peppercorns, a small blade of mace, and a little salt, in three parts of a pint of milk, until the milk tastes of these ingredients. Have ready some stale bread, shred fine, in a basin; strain the milk on to it; cover it over, and let it stand for a quarter of an hour. Beat it well with a fork; add a spoonful of cream, or a small piece of butter of the size of a nutmeg. Pour it back into a saucepan; warm it thoroughly, stirring it round all the time. Put in your sauceboat and send to table.

LEMON PIE.—The yolk of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls brown sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, juice of one lemon; crust as for custard pie. Bake. While baking beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar; when the pie is done, take out and spread over the top the whites and sugar, and bake three minutes.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 45, 32, 28, 20, 14, is a famous river of Italy.
My 40, 54, 50, 15, 53, 34, is a delicious fruit.
My 35, 16, 7, 37, 8, was the goddess of love and beauty.
My 11, 48, 5, 18, is a girl's name.
My 6, 24, 52, 3, 38, was an ancient city of Greece.
My 47, 36, 28, 46, 51, is a bird.
My 17, 1, 49, 46, 32, is an animal of South America.
My 22, 53, 51, 10, 2, 34, 33, is a river of Asia.
My 49, 3, 9, 27, 19, 12, 21, 7, was an Indian king.
My 20, 25, 31, is a droll fellow.
My 35, 41, 13 43, was a dog of Geryon.
My 26, 21, 47, 30, 50, 11, 39, 43, was a deep abyss below Hades.
My 4, 40, 49, is a vain man.
My 28, 54, 1, 15, 42, 22, 29, 33, 51, 16, is the name of a battle fought on the 11th of Sept., 1777.
My 44, 34, 25, is a large body of water.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.

Adams Co., Ohio. A. GRIMES.

Scripture Acrostic.

A CHILDLESS KING.

1. A town which Christ upbraided.
2. A precious stone.
3. A city where a prophet was sent to preach.
4. A prophet who wrote the history of the reigns of Rehoboam and Abijah.
5. The father of Moses.
6. One who did evil in the sight of the Lord, but not as the kings of Israel that were before him.

Astronomical Problem.

What is the greatest possible duration of total obscuration of the sun by an eclipse visible at Philadelphia, and when will such an eclipse occur?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A company agreed to build a vessel for $6,300; but, two of their number dying, those that survived had each to advance $200 more than they otherwise would have done. Of how many persons did the company at first consist?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

In a certain right angled triangle, all the sides are of integral lengths; the length of the hypothenuse is a number consisting of nine places of figures; and the length of the two other sides differ by unity. Required—the sides of the triangle. J. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is an enemy's encampment most likely to burn well? Ans.—When the tents are pitched.

☞ What will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor when cured? Ans.—A *draft* (draught.)

☞ When you put on a stocking, why are you sure to make a mess of it? Ans.—You are sure to put your foot in it.

☞ Why is venison more costly than other meat? Ans.—It is always *deer* (dear.)

Answer to Last.

RIDDLE—"No cross, no crown."

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 9th—About 208 degrees.—A. Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—20, 15, 12.—W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. S. Phebus, and J. N. Soders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 16th—24-625.—A. Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—3, 6, and 12.—W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, Charlie Newbury, B. F. Kennedy, W. Hoover, W. Barrett, J. S. Phebus, S. S. Knox, J. N. Soders.

Answers to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of same date—180.1184 cubical inches.—D. Diefenbach, W. Hoover, C. Newberry, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, and J. N. Soders. 100.1878 cubic inches.—W. Barrett. 180.12 solid inches.—J. S. Phebus.

FISH IN THE NORMANDY FASHION.—Take five pounds of fish of various kinds, clear of bone and skin; put five ounces of butter into an earthenware dish, and set it on the coals; when the butter is melted add to it from the dredger a dessert spoon of flour, stirring the while; then a pinch of grated nutmeg, salt, pepper—black and red, but very little of the latter—a dessert spoon of chopped parsley, and a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup; then put in your fish, cut in pieces as large as your two fingers; pour on the whole a glass of Sherry or Maderia (dry Catawba quite as good), and a small wine glass of good French brandy. Cover your dish, put dough all round the edge of the cover to keep in the steam, and then put the dish into a moderate oven. When done serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

TO FRESHEN SALT FISH.—Many persons who are in the habit of freshening mackerel, or other salt fish, never dream that there is a right and a wrong way to do it. Any person who has seen the process of evaporation going on at the salt works, knows that the salt falls to the bottom. Just so it is in the pan where your mackerel or white fish lies soaking; and, as it lies with the skin down, the salt will fall to the skin, and there remain; when, if placed with the flesh side down, the salt falls to the bottom of the pan, and the fish comes out freshened as it should be. In the other case it is nearly as salt as when put in.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Sprinkle the carpet with tea grounds, sweep well with a broom, then use soap and cold water to the greasy and dirty spots. This makes old carpets look new.

☞ FITS.—Perhaps it is not as generally known as it should be, that salt put in the mouth will instantly remove the convulsive movements of fits, either of children or animals.